

THE
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XXVI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH POETS



LONDON

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1872

THE
O D Y S S E Y
O F
H O M E R,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

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and J. BALFOUR.

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THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.



VOLUME I

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and J. B. B. B.

MDCCCLXXII

THE
O D Y S S E Y.
B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's descent to Ithaca.

THE poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the gods assembled in council, proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose, it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentès king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: Then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears.

The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summon the council to meet the day following.

B O O K I.

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
 Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound;
 Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
 Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
 Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
 Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
 On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
 Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
 Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
 On herds devoted to the god of day:
 The god, vindictive, doom'd them never more
 (Ah men unblest'd!) to touch that natal shore.
 Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
 Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
 All who the wars of ten long years surviv'd,
 And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
 Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
 An exile from his dear paternal coast,
 Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
 Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
 With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
 In vain—for now the circling years disclose
 The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
 At length his Ithaca is giv'n by fate,
 Where yet new labours his arrival wait:
 At length their rage the hostile pow'rs restrain,
 All but the ruthless monarch of the main.

But now the god, remote, a heav'nly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feast,
(A race divided, whom with stopping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys) ;
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and pray'r in pomp prefer'd,
Distant he lay : While, in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the gods :
Th' assembly thus the sire supreme address,
Ægythus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind ! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree ;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægythus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adult'rous act constrain ?
Did fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urged the bold traitor to the regicide ?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd ;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne :
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heav'n foretold.

Here paus'd the god ; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes.
O thou ! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of pow'r on earth deriv'd to kings !
His death was equal to the direful deed ;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed !

But grief and rage alternate wound my breast
 For brave Ulysses, still by fate oppress'd.
 Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
 The forests murmur, and the forges roar,
 The blameless hero from his with'd-for home
 A goddess guards in her enchanted dome.
 (Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
 The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
 Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
 End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres)
 By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
 Who sooths to dear delight his anxious mind :
 Successless all her soft caresses prove,
 To banish from his breast his country's love ;
 To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
 While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
 With what contentment could he close his eyes ?
 And will omnipotence neglect to save
 The suff'ring virtue of the wise and brave ?
 Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
 With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,
 Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
 Unblest'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove ?

Daughter ! what words have pass'd thy lips un-
 weigh'd ?

(Reply'd the Thund'rer to the martial maid).

Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd
 Of human race the wisest and the best.

Neptune, by pray'r repentant rarely won,
 Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-son,
 Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light ;
 Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might !

Him young Thoosa bore, (the bright increase
 Of Phorcys, dreaded in the founts and seas);
 Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty blest'd,
 And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.
 For this, the god constrains the Greek to roam,
 A hopeless exile from his native home,
 From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn;
 Let all combine t' atchieve his wish'd return:
 Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain,
 Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain.

Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
 Since all who in th' Olympian bow'r reside
 Now make the wand'ring Greek their public care,
 Let Hermes to th' * Atlantic isle repair;
 Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
 The sanction of th' assembled pow'rs report:
 That wise Ulysses to his native land
 Must speed, obedient to their high command:
 Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
 Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
 'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
 In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
 To save the state; and timely to restrain
 The bold intrusion of the suitor-train;
 Who croud his palace, and with lawless pow'r
 His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
 To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
 Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
 There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
 That from his realm retards his god-like sire;

* Ogygia.

Deliv'ring early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.

She said : The sandals of celestial mold
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet ; with these sublime she sails
Th' aerial space, and mounts the winged gales :
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,
Pond'rous and vast ; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.

Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentès' form conceal'd from human eyes ;
(Mentès, the monarch of the Taphian land) ;
A glitt'ring spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid
Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.

On hides of beeves, before the palace-gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury), the suitors sat.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen ;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl supply :
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines : But hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude !) his bosom tear.

Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd,
 In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
 The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
 While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
 The stranger-guest the royal youth beheld:
 Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait,
 Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
 Instant he flew, with hospitable haste,
 And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
 Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,
 Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
 Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
 And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
 And to the dome th' unknown celestial leads.
 The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
 Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
 Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
 Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.
 He led the goddess to the sov'reign seat,
 Her feet supported with a stool of state;
 (A purple carpet spread the pavement wide);
 Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side;
 Far from the suitor-train, a brutal croud,
 With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
 Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,
 If haply conscious, of his father's fate.
 The golden ew'r a maid obsequious brings,
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
 With copious water the bright vase supplies
 A silver laver, of capacious size:

They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
 They heap the glitt'ring canisters with bread :
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
 Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast !
 Delicious wines th' attending herald brought ;
 The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
 Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
 In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste :
 Marshall'd in order due, to each a few'r
 Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r.
 Luxurions then they feast. Observant round
 Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
 The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
 And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance :
 To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
 Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire ;
 Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
 High strains, responsive to the vocal string.

Meanwhile, in whispers to his heav'nly guest,
 His indignation thus the prince express.

Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
 With song and dance the pompous revel end.
 Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
 When, for the dear delight, another pays.
 His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,
 Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
 And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
 Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
 Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
 With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
 Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
 And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.

But ah I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled,
 And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
 Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
 Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
 With venial freedom let me now demand
 Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
 Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
 And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
 Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
 Or number'd in my father's social train?
 All who deserv'd his choice, he made his own,
 And curious much to know, he far was known.

My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
 From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
 Mentès my name; I rule the Taphian race,
 Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
 A duteous people, and industrious isle,
 To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
 Freightèd with iron from my native land,
 I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
 To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,
 A just proportion of refulgent brass.
 Far from your capital my ship resides
 At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
 Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
 Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
 Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
 An old heritary guest, I come:
 Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
 Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
 Who, press'd with heart-corroding grief and years,
 To the gay court a rural shade prefers;

Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return I came :
But still the frown of some celestial pow'r
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair ;
He lives, he breathes this heav'nly, vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelly bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.

The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no seer, th' inspiring gods suggest ;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain ;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.

But, gen'rous youth ! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir ?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides of Troy ;
But parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy ! never greeted more.

To prove a genuine birth, (the prince replies),
On female truth assenting faith relies ;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure founded on a fair maternal fame,

Ulysses' son : But happier he, whom fate
 Hath plac'd beneath the storms which tofs the great!
 Happier the son, whose hoary fire is blest
 With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
 Happier than I, to future empire born,
 But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
 Oh true descendent of a scepter'd line!
 The gods a glorious fate, from anguish free,
 To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
 But say, yon jovial troop, so gaily drest,
 Is this a bridal, or a friendly feast!
 Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
 Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
 Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
 Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye.

Magnificence of old (the prince reply'd)
 Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
 Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
 What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
 Who now (so heav'n decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
 Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
 Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
 Had fall'n, surrounded with his warlike train;
 Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
 New to his friends embrace, had breath'd his last!
 Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
 Historic marbles, to record his praise;
 His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
 Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:

Vanish'd at once! unheard-of, and unknown!
 And I his heir in misery alone.
 Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
 The filial tears, but wo succeeds to wo :
 To tempt the spouseless queen with am'rous wiles,
 Resort the nobles from the neighb'ring isles;
 From Samois, circled with th' Ionian main,
 Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign :
 Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
 The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
 She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
 Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
 They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
 My stores in riotous expence devour,
 In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
 And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cry'd :
 Soon may kind heav'n a sure relief provide!
 Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,
 And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
 Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
 Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
 In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd ;
 (For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
 When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
 O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl);
 He then from Ephyre, the fair domain
 Of Ilius, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
 Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain. }
 For voyaging to learn the direful art
 To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart ;

Observant of the gods, and sternly just,
 Illus refus'd t' impart the baleful trust :
 With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
 The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.
 Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
 As then conspicuous at the Taphian court ;
 Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
 Or each atone his guilty love with life.
 But of his wish'd return the care resign ;
 Be future vengeance to the pow'rs divine.
 My sentence hear : With stern distaste avow'd,
 To their own districts drive the suitor-croud :
 When next the morning warms the purple east,
 Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest ;
 The sorrows of your inmost soul relate ;
 And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
 Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
 And the chaste queen connubial rites require ;
 Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
 To great Icarius, whose paternal care
 Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
 With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
 Then let this dictate of my love prevail :
 Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
 To learn your father's fortunes : Fame may prove,
 Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove),
 Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
 Through the wide ocean, first to sandy Pyle ;
 Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand :
 Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand ;
 For young Atrides to th' Achaian coast
 Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.

If yet Ulysses views the light; forbear,
 Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
 But, if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
 Inhabitant of deep disastrous night;
 Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
 To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
 Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
 A hero's honours let the hero have.
 With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
 For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
 Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
 By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
 And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy. }
 Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
 With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
 His virgin-sword Ægysthus' veins imbrui'd;
 The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
 O greatly blest'd with ev'ry blooming grace!
 With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
 Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
 And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
 But my associates now my stay deplore,
 Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
 Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
 My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.
 The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
 Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
 So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
 Their sage experience to the fav'rite child.
 But, since to part, for sweet refection due
 The genial viands let my train renew:

And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the goddess cries,
Celestial azure bright'ning in her eyes),
And let me now regain the Reithrian port :
From Temese return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit ; and that pledge receive ;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky ;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.

Then first he recognis'd th' aetherial guest ;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast :
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate :
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate.
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng,
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.

His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd, the weeping fair descends ;
Their sov'reign's step a virgin train attends :
A veil of richest texture wrought she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.
There, from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand.

Phemius ! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ :
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.

But oh! forbear that dear, disastrous name,
 To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
 My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
 And ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound.

Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
 (Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
 Oft Jove's aethereal rays (resistless fire)

The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;
 Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
 Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
 For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears:

But old, the mind with inattention hears;
 Patient permit the sadly-pleasant strain;
 Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
 And in the public we forget your own;
 You weep not for a perish'd lord alone.

What Greeks, now wand'ring in the Stygian gloom,
 With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!

Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
 And various labours of the loom, beguile;
 There rule, from palace-cares remote and free,
 That care to man belongs, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admires
 His sage reply, and with her train retires.

Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
 With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;

Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
 In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
 Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;

Intemp'rate rage a wordy war began;
 But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.

Instant (he cry'd) your female discord end,
 Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend;
 Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
 With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
 Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
 But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
 I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
 The firm resolve, I here in few disclose.
 No longer live the cankers of my court;
 All to your sev'ral states with speed resort;
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;
 Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!
 By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
 (A sacred oath), each proud oppressor, slain,
 Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.

Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
 Silence, at length, the gay Antinous broke,
 Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke.
 What god to your untutor'd youth affords
 This headlong torrent of amazing words?
 May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
 So bright a genius with the toils of state!

Those toils (Telemachus serene replies)
 Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wise.
 Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,
 And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
 Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
 Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:

Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
 With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
 Whene'er Ulysses roams the realms of night,
 Should factious pow'r dispute my lineal right,
 Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
 To your pretence their title would precede.
 At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
 Sole o'er my vassals and domestic train.

To this Eurymachus: To heav'n alone
 Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
 Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
 Undoubted all your filial claim confess:
 Your private right should impious pow'r invade,
 The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
 But say, that stranger-guest who late withdrew,
 What, and from whence? his name and lineage shew.
 His grave demeanour, and majestic grace,
 Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
 Did he some loan of ancient right require,
 Or came forerunner of your scepter'd sire.

Oh son of Polybus! the prince replies,
 No more my sire will glad these longing eyes:
 The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
 Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
 That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
 A realm defended with incircling seas.
 Mentès, an ever-honour'd name, of old
 High in Ulysses' social list inroll'd.

Thus he, tho' conscious of th' aetherial guest,
 Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
 Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
 Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.

But when the star of eve, with golden light,
 Adorn'd the matron-brow of fable night;
 The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
 And to their sev'ral domes to rest resort.
 A tow'ring structure to the palace join'd;
 To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
 In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
 The lighted torch the sage Euryclea bears:
 (Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
 For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
 in rosy prime, with charms attractive grac'd,
 Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
 With dear esteem : Too wise, with jealous strife
 To taint the joys of sweet, connubial life.
 Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
 A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
 Whilst to his couch himself the prince address'd,
 The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest;
 The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
 The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
 The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
 To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
 Secur'd the valves. There, wrapt in silent shade,
 Pensive, the rules the goddess gave, he weigh'd;
 Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
 And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

T H E
O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K II.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Council of Ithaca.

TELEMACHUS, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor, (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

ODYSSEY

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The Council of the Gods

THE ARGUMENT, in the assembly of the Gods of Olympus, complains of the injustice done him by the sailors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exhorting the people to decide against them. The sailors endeavor to justify their law, as well as the gods and the goddesses, to the court of justice; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which is again expounded to the ruin of the sailors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylus and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's journey. Odysseus, in the shape of Mentor, (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, and him to preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night, which concludes the second day upon the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

B O O K H.

NOW red'ning from the dawn, the morning-ray
 Glow'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day.
 The youthful hero, with returning light,
 Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
 A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
 A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
 Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
 And forth he mov'd, majestic as a god.
 Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
 To council calls the peers : The peers obey.
 Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sat,
 From his high dome himself descends in state.
 Bright in his hand a pond'rous jav'lin shin'd ;
 Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind ;
 Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
 And gazing crouds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd : While distant stood
 The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.

'Twas silence all ; at last Ægyptius spoke ;
 Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke :
 A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
 A length of days had bent him to the ground.
 His eldest * hope in arms to Ilion came,
 By great Ulysses taught the path to fame ;
 But, hapless youth, the hideous Cyclops tore
 His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.

* Antiphus.

Three sons remain'd : To climb with haughty fires -
 The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires ;
 The rest with dutious love his griefs assuage,
 And ease the fire of half the cares of age.
 Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
 And as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns.

Since great Ulysses fought the Phrygian plains,
 Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
 Say then, ye peers ! by whose commands we meet ?
 Why here once more in solemn council sit ?
 Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose :
 Arrives some message of invading foes ?
 Or say, does high necessity of state
 Inspire some patriot, and demand debate !
 The present synod speaks its author wise ;
 Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies !

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
 Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose :
 (His royal hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd) :
 Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said.

Rev'rend old man ! lo here confess'd he stands
 By whom ye meet ; my grief your care demands.
 No story I unfold of public woes,
 Nor bear advices of impending foes :
 Peace the bless'd land, and joys incessant crown ;
 Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
 For my lost sire continual sorrows spring ;
 The great, the good ; your father, and your king.
 Yet more ; our house from its foundation bows,
 Our foes are pow'rful, and your sons the foes :
 Hither, unwelcome, to the queen they come ;
 Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome ?

If she must wed, from other hands require
 The dow'ry : Is Telemachus her sire?
 Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
 And wastes the wise frugality of kings.
 Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice ;
 Scarce all my wine their midnight-hours supplies ;
 Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
 Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.
 But come it will, the time when manhood grants
 More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.
 Approach that hour ! unsufferable wrong
 Cries to the gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
 Rise then, ye peers ! with virtuous anger rise ;
 Your fame reverse, but most th' avenging skies.
 By all the deathless powers that reign above,
 By righteous Themis, and by thund'ring Jove,
 (Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
 Success, and humbles or confirms the wise),
 Rise in my aid ! suffice the tears that flow
 For my lost sire, nor add new wo to wo.
 If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
 Or, having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will ;
 On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
 And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
 If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
 Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
 Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
 And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause :
 But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,
 You make the arm of violence too strong.
 While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
 And dash'd th' imperial sceptre to the ground.

The big round tear hung trembling in his eye :
 The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
 Then silent sat—at length Antinous burns
 With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns.

O insolence of youth ! whose tongue affords
 Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
 Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
 Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
 Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
 Fond hopes to all; and all with hopes deceives.
 Did not the sun, through heav'n's wide azure roll'd,
 For three long years the royal fraud behold ?
 While she, laborious in delusion, spread
 The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread :
 Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,
 Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs.

“ Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
 “ Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour ;
 “ Cease, till to great Laertes I bequeath
 “ A task of grief, his ornaments of death :
 “ Lest, when the fates his royal ashes claim,
 “ The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame ;
 “ When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
 “ Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.”

Thus she : At once the gen'rous train complies,
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
 The work she ply'd ; but, studious of delay,
 By night revers'd the labours of the day.
 While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
 The conscious lamp the midnight-fraud survey'd ;
 Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail ;
 The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.

We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!

But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear:
(I speak aloud, that ev'ry Greek may hear):
Dismiss the queen; and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast;
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd;
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena, (the proud boasts of fame),
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heav'n reclaim her stubborn breast.
What though from pole to pole resounds her name!
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies.
Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dow'r?

How from my father should I vengeance dread ?
 How would my mother curse my hated head ?
 And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
 How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise ?
 Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
 The earth's disgrace, and human kind my foe.
 If this displease, why urge ye here your stay ?
 Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away :
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed ;
 Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove !
 By him, and all th' immortal host above,
 (A sacred oath), if heav'n the pow'r supply,
 Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
 By Jove's command direct their rapid flight ;
 Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
 Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
 Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
 And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky ;
 With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
 And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
 They cuff, they tear ; their cheeks and necks they rend,
 And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend :
 Then sailing o'er the domes and tow'rs, they fly
 Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.

The wond'ring rivals gaze with cares oppress,
 And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
 Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
 The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose :

Prescient he view'd th' aerial tracts, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.

Ye sons, (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heav'n to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulysses fought the Phrygian shores,
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heav'n seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.
I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train;
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams;
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!

To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophesy at home; thy sons advise:
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below
Ulysses lies: Oh wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And int'rest, not the god, thy voice inspires.

His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
 Misset fallacious into idle rage,
 Vengeance deserv'd, thy malice shall repress,
 And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst redress.
 'Telemachus may bid the queen repair
 To great Icarius, whose paternal care
 Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
 With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
 Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
 And both the prince and augur threat in vain :
 His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
 Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
 Threat on, oh prince ! elude the bridal day,
 Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
 True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
 In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames :
 But never from this nobler suit we cease ;
 For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.

To whom the youth : Since then in vain I tell
 My num'rous woes, in silence let them dwell.
 But heav'n, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs :
 To heav'n, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
 Yet this I ask (nor be it ask'd in vain)
 A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main ;
 The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
 And seek my royal sire from shore to shore :
 If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,
 Or to be learn'd from oracles alone ?
 If yet he lives ; with patience I forbear,
 Till the fleet hours restore the circling year :
 But, if already wand'ring in the train
 Of empty shades, I measure back the main,

Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while abash'd the peers attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:

[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,

"My friend," (he cry'd), "my palace be thy care;

"Years roll'd on years my godlike fire decay,

"Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]

Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage; and, as he spoke, he frown'd.

O never, never more! let king be just,

Be mild in pow'r, or faithful to his trust!

Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,

Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of god;

Since he who like a father held his reign,

So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!

True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;

Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:

They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,

Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.

But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,

Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain?

Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords

His injur'd prince the little aid of words.

While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:

O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!

Wouldst thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?

Join all your pow'rs! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!

Yet would your pow'rs in vain our strength oppose;

The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.

Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,

While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;

Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies,
 Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
 But hence retreating to your domes repair;
 To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
 And Halitherses! thine: Be each his friend:
 Ye lov'd the father: Go, the son attend.
 But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
 Safe in the court, nor tempt the wat'ry way.

Then, with a rushing sound, th' assembly bend,
 Diverse their steps: The rival rout ascend
 The royal dome; while sad the prince explores
 The neighb'ring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
 There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
 The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd.

O goddess! who descending from the skies
 Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wond'ring eyes,
 By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
 And seek my fire through storms and rolling seas!
 Hear from thy heav'ns above, oh warrior-maid!
 Descend once more, propitious to my aid.
 Without thy presence, vain is thy command;
 Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.

Indulgent to his pray'r, the goddess took
 Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke.

O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
 Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
 If to the son the father's worth descends,
 O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends:
 To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd,
 And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
 Were not wise sons descendent of the wise,
 And did not heroes from brave heroes rise,

Vain were my hopes : Few sons attain the praise
 Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
 But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
 And all Penelope thy soul inspires,
 Go, and succeed ! the rivals aims despise ;
 For never, never, wicked man was wise.
 Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall ;
 Death hastes amain : One hour o'erwhelms them all !
 And lo, with speed we plough the wat'ry way ;
 My pow'r shall guard thee, and my hand convey :
 The winged vessel studious I prepare,
 Through seas and realms companion of thy care.
 Thou to the court ascend ; and to the shores
 (When night advances) bear the naval stores ;
 Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
 And gen'rous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
 Meanwhile the mariners by my command
 Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.
 Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides ;
 The best I chuse to waft thee o'er the tides.

She spoke : To his high dome the prince returns,
 And as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.

'Twas riot all among the lawless train ;
 Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
 Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous press'd,
 And thus deriding, with a smile address'd.

Grieve not, oh daring prince ! that noble heart ;
 Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part.
 Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
 Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl,
 Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
 The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.

Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?
 When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
 The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste;
 The song is noise, and impious is the feast.
 Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
 The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
 But now the wise instructions of the sage,
 And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
 Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,
 Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
 Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;
 A private voyager I pass the main.
 Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
 And where on earth I live, I live your foe.

He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
 Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.

Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they
 feast,

Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
 And each in jovial mood his mate address. }

Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
 Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
 To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
 Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
 Or comes from Ephyre with poisons fraught,
 And kills us all in one tremendous draught?

Or who can say, (his gamefome mate replies),
 But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
 He, like his sire, may sink, depriv'd of breath,
 And punish us unkindly by his death?
 What mighty labours would he then create,
 To seize his treasures, and divide his state,

The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal-day !

Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of the Ithacian race :
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blaz'd ;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd ;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume ;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.
(Pure flav'rous wine, by gods in bounty giv'n,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heav'n.)
Untouch'd they stood, till his long labours o'er,
The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.
A double strength of bars secur'd the gates :
Fast by the door the wise Euryclea waits ;
Euryclea, who, great Ops ! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day ; a faithful guard.

To whom the prince : O thou, whose guardian care
Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the air !
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be seal'd ;
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the ev'ning hour.
For when the fav'ring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coasts shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the wat'ry way.

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
O whither, whither flies my son ? she cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide ?

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
'The wat'ry way ill fated, if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!
Then stay, my child! storms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driv'n:
Heav'n calls me forth; these counsels are of heav'n.
But by the pow'rs that hate the perjurd, swear
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dang'rous truth betray,
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day:
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time a while would spare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests th' all-seeing sov'reign of the skies.
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies.
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to stand,
When night descends, embody'd on the strand.
Then to Noemon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: The chief a bark supplies.

And now, declining with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.
The goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores:
Full in the op'nings of the spacious main
It rides; and now descends the sailor-train.

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
 With rapid step the goddess urg'd her way :
 There ev'ry eye with slumb'rous chains she bound,
 And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
 Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,
 Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.

Then thus, in Mentor's rev'rend form array'd,
 Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
 Lo ! on the seas prepar'd the vessel stands,
 Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands,
 Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads ;
 The footsteps of the deity he treads.
 Swift to the shore they move : Along the strand
 'The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.

He bids them bring their stores ; th' attending train
 Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
 The prince and goddess to the stern ascend ;
 To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
 Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow ;
 The sable billows foam and roar below.
 The chief his orders gives ; th' obedient band
 With due observance wait the chief's command :
 With speed the mast they rear ; with speed unbind
 The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
 High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
 Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales ;
 The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
 And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
 And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine
 The holy goblet to the pow'rs divine :

Imploring all the gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.

Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning-ray.

THE
O D Y S S E Y.
B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Nestor.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming, and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle. Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

THE
O'DYSSEY
BOOK
THE ARGUMENT



The following is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting held at the residence of the late Mr. J. H. ... on the 15th inst. ... The names of the persons present were: ...

B O O K III.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' heav'n's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.

There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood;
Each held five hundred (a deputed train)
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They taste the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an off'ring to the god.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already press'd the shore;
Not first, the pow'r of wisdom march'd before,
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind.

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expect;
An honest bus'ness never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior, far renown'd for sense,
With rev'rend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies:
And sure he will; for wisdom never lies.

Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd),

How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial goddess thus rejoin'd.
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind:
And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend.

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift the youth pursu'd the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sat, encompass'd with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sat with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent goddess in these words address'd.
Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation, and the solemn pray'r:

Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine
 Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
 He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine. }
 For all mankind alike require their grace,
 All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
 A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
 To see the pref'rence due to sacred age
 Regarded ever by the just and sage.
 Of ocean's king she then implores the grace.
 Oh thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
 Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
 On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
 Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
 Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
 Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
 And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Thus she; and having paid the rite divine,
 Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
 Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims drest,
 They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast;
 The banquet done, the narrative old man,
 Thus mild, the pleasing conference began.

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
 It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,
 And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
 Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
 Relate, if bus'ness, or the thirst of gain,
 Engage your journey o'er the pathless main;
 Where savage pirates seek, through seas unknown,
 The lives of others, ventrous of their own?

Urg'd by the precepts by the goddess giv'n,
 And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heav'n,
 The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise,
 And fam'd among the sons of men, replies.
 Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
 (Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
 From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
 Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
 A private sorrow, not a public cause.
 My fire I seek, where'er the voice of fame
 Has told the glories of his noble name,
 The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore,
 For valour much, for hardy suff'ring more.
 Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
 In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
 Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
 Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
 Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
 Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
 Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
 Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
 If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
 Have learn'd his fate, the whole dark story clear:
 And oh! whate'er heav'n destin'd to betide,
 Let neither flatt'ry smooth, nor pity hide.
 Prepar'd I stand: He was but born to try
 The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.
 Oh then, if ever through the ten years' war
 The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
 If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
 True in his deed, and constant to his word:

Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
 Search all thy stores of faithful memory :
 'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.

}

To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd.
 O friend ! what sorrows dost thou bring to-mind ?
 Shall I the long, laborious scene review,
 And open all the wounds of Greece anew ?
 What toils by sea ! where, dark in quest of prey,
 Dauntless we rov'd ; Achilles led the way :
 What toils by land ! where, mix'd in fatal fight,
 Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night :
 There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
 There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave :
 There too my son—ah once my best delight,
 Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,
 In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
 A faultless body, and a blameless mind :
 Antilochus—what more can I relate ?
 How trace the tedious series of our fate ?
 Not added years on years my task could close,
 The long historian of my country's woes :
 Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
 And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
 Nine painful years on that detested shore ;
 What stratagems we form'd ! what toils we bore !
 Still lab'ring on, till scarce at last we found
 Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
 Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
 In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
 Art thou the son of that illustrious sire ?
 With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.

So like your voices, and your words so wise,
 Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
 Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
 In public sentence, or in private thought;
 Alike to council or th' assembly came,
 With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
 But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
 And in their ships the conqu'ring Greeks return'd;
 'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
 And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
 Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
 (Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
 Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
 Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
 The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;
 Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
 But call'd untimely, (nor the sacred rite
 Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
 Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim);
 Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
 To these the cause of meeting they explain,
 And Menelaus moves to cross the main:
 Not so the king of men; he will'd to stay,
 The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
 And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
 The gods not lightly change their love or hate.
 With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
 Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
 Now diff'rent counsels ev'ry breast divide,
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
 Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd;
 (So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).

We, with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
 But half the people with respect obey'd
 The King of men, and at his bidding staid.
 Now on the wings of wind our course we keep,
 (For god had smooth'd the waters of the deep),
 For Tenédos we spread our eager oars,
 There land, and pay due victims to the pow'rs:
 To bless our safe return we join in pray'r;
 But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
 And rais'd new discord. Then (so heav'n decreed)
 Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
 Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
 He there, though late, to please the monarch, staid;
 But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods,
 Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.
 With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste:
 And Menelaus came, but came the last.
 He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
 While yet we doubted of our wat'ry way;
 If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
 (The safer road), beside the Psyrian isle;
 Or the straight course to rocky Chios plow,
 And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
 We sought direction of the pow'r divine:
 The god propitious gave the guiding sign;
 Through the mid seas he bids our navy steer,
 And in Euboea shun the woes we fear.
 The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
 And reach Gerestus at the point of day.

There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
 High flaming please the monarch of the main.
 The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er,
 Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore :
 But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
 The god still breathing on my swelling sails ;
 Sep'rate from all, I safely landed here ;
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
 Yet what I learn'd, attend ; as here I sat,
 And ask each voyager each hero's fate :
 Curious to know, and willing to relate.

Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
 Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
 Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
 Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart ;
 And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
 How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
 And how the murd'rer paid his forfeit breath ;
 What land so distant from that scene of death
 But trembling heard the fame ? and heard, admire
 How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd fire !
 Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
 Heav'n gives posterity t' avenge the dead.
 So fell Ægysthus ; and mayst thou, my friend,
 (On whom the virtues of thy sire descend),
 Make future times thy equal act adore,
 And be what brave Orestes was before !

The prudent youth reply'd : O thou the grace
 And lasting glory of the Grecian race !

Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
 Shall long posterity resound the praise.
 Some god this arm with equal prowess blest!
 And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
 Injurious men! who, while my soul is sore
 Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
 But heav'n denies this honour to my hand,
 Nor shall my father repossess the land:
 The father's fortune never to return,
 And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn.

Thus he; and Nestor took the word: My son,
 Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
 That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
 Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
 Say, is the fault, thro' tame submission, thine?
 Or leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
 Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
 And yet who knows, but rip'ning lies in fate
 An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
 When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
 Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
 But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
 The happy son, will, as the father, aid,
 (Whose fame and safety was her constant care
 In ev'ry danger, and in ev'ry war;
 Never on man did heav'nly favour shine
 With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
 As those with which Minerva mark'd thy fire),
 So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
 Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
 And long oblivion of the bridal-bed.

Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
 Can touch my breast; that blessing heav'n denies.
 Ev'n by celestial favour were it giv'n,
 Fortune or fate would cross the will of heav'n.

What words are these, and what imprudence thine?
 (Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine),
 Forgetful youth! but know, the pow'r above
 With ease can save each object of his love;
 Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace;
 Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
 Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
 Long lab'ring, gains his natal shore at last;
 Than who too speedy, hastes to end his life
 By some stern ruffian, or adult'rous wife.
 Death only is the lot which none can miss;
 And all is possible to heav'n, but this.
 The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky
 Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.

Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
 Mentor no more—the mournful thought forbear;
 For he no more must draw his country's breath,
 Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
 Pass we to other subjects; and engage
 On themes remote the venerable sage;
 (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
 Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd,
 Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind.) }
 For much he knows, and just conclusions draws
 From various precedents, and various laws.
 O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
 How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?

By what strange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate,
 (By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
 Liv'd Menelaus not in Greece? or where
 Was then the martial brother's pious care?
 Condemn'd, perhaps, ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
 Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the Full of Days: Illuſtrious youth,
 Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſs'd) the truth.
 For had the martial Menelaus found
 The ruſſian breathing yet on Argive ground,
 Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
 Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies;
 But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
 And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
 While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
 The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
 He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm reſeſs,
 (Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs,)
 With flattery's inſinuating art
 Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
 At firſt with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
 The royal dame his lawleſs ſuit deny'd.
 For virtue's image yet poſſeſs'd her mind,
 Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:
 Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
 Conſign'd the youthful confort to his care.
 True to his charge, the bard preſerv'd her long
 In honour's limits; ſuch the pow'r of ſong.
 But, when the gods theſe objects of their hate
 Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
 The bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
 And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle:

There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
 Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
 Then virtue was no more ; her guard away,
 She fell to lust a voluntary prey.
 Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adult'rous spouse,
 With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
 With images, with garments, and with gold ;
 And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Meantime, from flaming Troy we cut the way,
 With Menelaus, through the curling sea.
 But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
 Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame ;
 Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd ;
 (Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
 To steer the bounding bark with steady toil
 When the storm thickens, and the billows boil) ;
 While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
 Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart ;
 Ev'n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
 To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
 And laid our old companion in the ground.
 And now the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep :
 Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
 Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the skies,
 And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
 The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet ;
 Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
 Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
 The streams of Jardan issue to the main.

There stands a rock, high, eminent, and steep,
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
 And views Gortyna on the western side;
 On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.
 Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstian shores,
 With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
 Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coast.
 There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
 Amassing gold, and gath'ring naval stores;
 While curs'd Ægythus the detested deed
 By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
 Sev'n years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
 The eighth, from Athens to his realm restor'd,
 Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
 Slew the dire pair, and gave to fun'ral flame
 The vile assassin, and adult'rous dame.
 That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
 Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,
 And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
 With gifts of price and pond'rous treasure fraught.
 Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
 Too long a stranger to thy native land;
 Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
 While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
 Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
 And thou return, with disappointed toil,
 From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.

Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
 And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
 He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
 And many-languag'd nations has survey'd ;
 And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,
 Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps ;
 (A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
 Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
 Go then ; to Sparta take the wat'ry way,
 Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay ;
 Or, if by land thou chuse thy course to bend,
 My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend :
 Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
 Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
 Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
 And sure he will : For Menelaus is wise.

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
 And twilight gray her ev'ning-shade extends.
 Then thus the blue-ey'd maid : O full of days !
 Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
 Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
 Sacred to Neptune and the pow'rs divine.
 The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
 And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep :
 Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feast,
 Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid.
 The sober train attended and obey'd.
 The sacred heralds on their hands around
 Pour'd the full urns ; the youths the goblets crown'd :
 From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows ;
 While to the final sacrifice they rose.

The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
 And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
 And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
 The youthful hero and th' Athenian maid
 Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
 And in their hollow bark to pass the night :
 But this the hospitable sage deny'd.
 Forbid it, Jove ! and all the gods ! he cry'd,
 Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
 Of such a hero, and of such a friend !
 Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
 Whom heav'n denies the blessing to relieve ?
 Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
 When beds of royal state invite your stay ?
 No——long as life this mortal shall inspire,
 Or as my children imitate their fire,
 Here shall the wand'ring stranger find his home,
 And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well hast thou spoke, (the blue-ey'd maid replies),
 Belov'd old man ! benevolent, as wise.
 Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
 And let thy words Telemachus persuade :
 He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue ;
 I to the ship, to give the orders due,
 Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew. }
 For I alone sustain their naval cares,
 Who boast experience from these silver hairs ;
 All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
 Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
 There in the vessel shall I pass the night ;
 And soon as morning paints the fields of light,

I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
 A debt, contracted in the days of old.
 But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
 Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
 Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
 And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
 And soars an eagle through the liquid skies,
 Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
 In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.

But chief the rev'rend sage admir'd; he took
 The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:

O happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
 Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!

Whose early years for future worth engage,
 No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.

For lo! none other of the court above
 Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
 Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
 Confess'd is thine, as once thy father's aid.

So guide me, goddess! so propitious shine
 On me, my comfort, and my royal line!

A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
 Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
 With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
 Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
 His holy vow: The fav'ring goddess heard.
 Then slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
 Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
 (A long procession), timely marching home
 In comely order to the regal dome,

There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
 His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
 To these the hospitable sage, in sign
 Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine,
 (Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
 By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright).
 To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
 And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
 Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
 And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
 Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
 And slept beneath the pompous colonnade;
 Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
 (In age his equal), on a splendid bed :
 But in an inner-court, securely clos'd,
 The rev'rend Nestor with his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn ;
 The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sat
 On polish'd stone before his palace-gate :
 With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
 Where ancient Neleus sat, a rustic throne ;
 But he descending to th' infernal shade,
 Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
 His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
 And duteous take the orders of the day.
 First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed ;
 Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed ;
 The last Pisistratus arose from rest :
 They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-guest.
 To these the senior thus declar'd his will :
 My sons ! the dictates of your sire fulfil.

To Pallas, first of gods, prepare the feast,
 Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
 Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
 A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
 One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
 And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore,
 (Leave only two the galley to attend);
 Another to Laerceus must we send,
 Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
 The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
 The rest may here the pious duty share,
 And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
 The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
 And limpid waters from the living spring.

He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
 Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
 Already came the Ithacensian crew,
 The dext'rous smith the tools already drew:
 His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil sound,
 And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
 Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
 She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
 With rev'rend hand the king presents the gold,
 Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
 So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
 Young Aretus from forth his bridal bow'r
 Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
 And canisters of consecrated flour.
 Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
 The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
 In act to strike: Before him Perseus stood,
 The vase extending to receive the blood.

The king himself initiates to the pow'r ;
 Scatters with quiv'ring hand the sacred flour,
 And the stream sprinkles : From the curling brows
 The hair collected in the fire he throws.
 Soon as due vows on ev'ry part were paid,
 And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
 Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
 Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
 Down sunk the heavy beast : The females round,
 Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
 Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
 (The first-born she of old Clymenus' line ;
 In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
 And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
 From earth they rear him, struggling now with
 death ;

And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
 The soul for ever flies : On all sides round
 Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
 The beast they then divide, and disunite
 The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite :
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
 The sacred sage before his altar stands,
 Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,
 And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire :
 The youth with instruments surround the fire.
 The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
 While these officious tend the rites divine,
 The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,

Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
 O'er his fair limbs a flow'ry vest he threw,
 And issu'd, like a god, to mortal view.
 His former seat beside the king he found,
 (His people's father with his peers around).
 All plac'd at ease, the holy banquet join,
 And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,
 The monarch turns him to his royal guest;
 And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
 The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
 Observant of his word; the word scarce spoke,
 The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
 Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
 And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
 The glittering seat Telemachus ascends;
 His faithful guide Pisistratus attends:
 With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
 He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
 Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
 Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.
 The tow'rs of Pylos sink, its views decay,
 Fields after fields fly back, till close of day;
 Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.

To Pherae now, Diocleus' stately seat,
 (Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
 His house affords the hospitable rite,
 And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;

Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd :
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

Vol. VIII.



Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the founding periods they draw
Along the way, their way they hold,
The hills receding as the chariot roll:
Then slowly turn the ruddy globe of day,
And o'er the shaded landscape turn'd the night.



Vol. VII.

THE
ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conference with Menelaus.

TELEMACHUS, with Pisistratus, arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the mean time, the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphthima.

THE
ODYSSEY

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

The Argonauts, after their long voyage, arrive at the city of Ithaca, where they are received by their friends and family.

Ulysses, who has been absent for twenty years, is recognized by his wife Penelope, who has remained faithful to him. He then tells her of his adventures, and of the death of his comrades. He then goes to the city of Ithaca, where he is received by his friends and family. He then goes to the city of Ithaca, where he is received by his friends and family.

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B O O K IV.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds :
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends ;
Where sat Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,
Was sent to crown the long protracted joy,
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy :
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin choir Alektor's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore :
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line ;
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound :
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings ;
Whilst warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths, to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that issuing through the palace gate
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state :

On the bright eminence young Nestor thone,
 And fast beside him great Ulysses' son :
 Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
 And speeding, thus address'd the royal ear.

Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove,
 Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
 Is due reception deign'd ? or must they bend
 Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend ?

Insensate ! (with a sigh the King replies),
 Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise :
 But sure relentless folly steals thy breast,
 Obdurate to reject the stranger guest ;
 To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
 Which in my wand'rings oft reliev'd my wo :
 Fed by the bounty of another's board,
 Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd.—
 Straight be the coursers from the car releas't,
 Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.

The seneschal rebuk'd, in haste withdrew ;
 With equal haste a menial train pursue :
 Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
 Each to a crib with choicest grain furcharg'd ;
 Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
 With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd :
 Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
 Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight ;
 Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
 Or the pale radiance of the midnight-moon.
 From room to room their eager view they bend ;
 Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend ;
 Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
 With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.

Refresh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of state,
 Where circled with his peers Atides sat :
 Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
 The purest product of the crystal springs ;
 High on a massy vase of silver mold,
 The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold :
 In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
 And on the board a second banquet rose.
 When thus the king, with hospitable port :—
 Accept this welcome to the Spartan court ;
 The waste of nature let the feast repair,
 Then your high lineage and your names declare :
 Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,
 Recorded eminent in deathless fame ?
 For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
 With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
 The royal portion of the choicest chimes
 To each accepted friend : With grateful haste
 They share the honours of the rich repast.
 Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
 His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun.

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever honour'd most !
 These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost !
 Above, beneath, around the palace shines
 The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :
 The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
 And studded amber darts a golden ray :
 Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
 My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd.
 Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride

Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
 Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest !
 With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
 Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
 For eight slow circling years by tempests tost,
 From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast,
 (Sidon the capital), I stretch'd my toil
 Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
 Next, Æthiopia's utmost bound explore,
 And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian shore :
 Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
 O'er the warm Lybian wave to spread my sails:
 That happy clime ! where each revolving year
 The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear ;
 And two fair crescents of translucent horn
 The brows of all their young increase adorn :
 The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
 On the fat flock and rural dainties feast ;
 Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
 But ev'ry season fills the foaming pail.
 Whilst heaping unwith'd wealth, I distant roam ;
 The best of brothers, at his natal home,
 By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
 Ends the sad evening of a stormy life :
 Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
 These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !
 My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
 To you, your fathers have recorded long :
 How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils
 With a sack'd palæe, and barbaric spoils.
 Oh ! had the gods so large a boon deny'd,
 And life, the just equivalent, supply'd

To those brave warriors, who with glory fir'd,
 Far from their country in my cause expir'd !
 Still in short intervals of pleasing wo,
 Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
 I to the glorious dead, for ever dear !
 Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
 But oh ! Ulysses—deeper than the rest,
 That sad idea wounds my anxious breast !
 My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain ;
 The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
 Nor sleep's soft pow'r can close my streaming eyes,
 When imag'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
 No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
 His labours equall'd only by my love :
 And both alike to bitter fortune born,
 For him to suffer, and for me to mourn !
 Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,
 Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
 No fame reveals ; but doubtful of his doom,
 His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
 Declines his trembling steps ; untimely care
 Withers the blooming vigour of his heir ;
 And the chaste partner of his bed and throne,
 Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.

While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
 From the brave youth the streaming passion broke :
 Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
 His face he shrouded with his purple vest :
 The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
 And view'd his filial love with vast surprise :
 Doubtous to press the tender theme, or wait
 To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.

In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room;
 Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
 So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
 The silver-shafted goddess of the chace!
 The seat of majesty Adraste brings,
 With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings.
 To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
 Of softest woof, is bright Aleippe's care.
 A silver canister divinely wrought,
 In her soft hands the beauteous Phyllo brought:
 To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
 Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
 For Polybus her lord, (whose sov'reign sway
 The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
 When to that court Atrides came, carest
 With vast munificence th' imperial guest:
 Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
 With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd;
 And bounteous, from the royal treasure told
 Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
 Alcandra, consort of his high command,
 A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
 And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
 Which, heap'd with wool, the beauteous Phyllo
 brought:
 The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
 Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
 The sov'reign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
 And pleasing thus her scepter'd lord address'd.
 Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
 Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?

Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd
 Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
 With wonder rapt, on yonder cheek I trace
 The feature of the Ulyssæan race :
 Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
 In just similitude, the grace and air
 Of young Telemachus ! the lovely boy,
 Who blest'd Ulysses with a father's joy,
 What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
 T' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms !

Just is thy thought; the king assenting cries,
 Methinks Ulysses strikes my wond'ring eyes :
 Full shines the father in the filial frame,
 His port, his features, and his shape the same ;
 Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow ;
 Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow !
 And when he heard the long disastrous store
 Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore ;
 Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
 Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose :
 Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
 His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.

See there confest, Pisistratus replies,
 The genuine worth of Ithacus the wife !
 Of that heroic fire the youth is sprung,
 But modest awe hath chain'd his tim'rous tongue.
 Thy voice, O king ! with pleas'd attention heard,
 Is like the dictates of a god rever'd.
 With him at Nestor's high command I came,
 Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
 By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
 For counsel and redress, he sues to you.

Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
 Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
 Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
 If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain :
 Affianc'd in your friendly pow'r alone,
 The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.

Is Sparta blest'd, and these desiring eyes
 View my friend's son ? (the king exulting cries),
 Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
 Whose word was sacred to the man he lov'd ;
 Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd !—
 When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
 No Greek an equal space had e'er possess'd,
 Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.
 I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
 For his abode a capital prepar'd ;
 Argos the seat of sov'reign rule I chose ;
 Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
 Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
 And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
 To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
 With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
 There with commutual zeal we both had strove
 In acts of dear benevolence and love :
 Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
 And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band !
 Some envious pow'r the blestful scene destroys ;
 Vanish'd are all the visionary joys :
 The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
 Fated to wander from his natal coast !

He ceas'd ; a gust of grief began to rise ;
 Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes ;

Fast for the fire the filial sorrows flow;
 The weeping monarch swells the mighty wo:
 Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
 While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
 Thy martial brother *, on the Phrygian plain
 Extended, pale by swarthy Memnon slain!
 But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
 And, melting with fraternal pity, spoke.

Frequent, O king! was Nestor wont to raise:
 And charm attention with thy copious praise:
 To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
 The glory of a firm capacious mind:
 With that superior attribute controul
 This unavailing impotence of soul.
 Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
 Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
 But when from dewy shade emerging bright,
 Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
 Let each deplore his dead: The rites of wo
 Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
 O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to shear
 The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
 Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
 I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
 And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
 Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
 With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight
 To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
 Too early snatch'd by fate, ere known to me!
 I boast a witness of his worth in thee.

* Antilochus.

Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
 In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
 Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
 In early bloom an oracle of age.
 Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to show,
 To bless the natal and the nuptial hour;
 From the great fire transmissive to the race,
 The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
 Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
 Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
 Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
 The gifts of heav'n to guard thy hoary state.
 But now let each be calm his troubled breast,
 Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
 To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay
 Till heav'n's revolving lamp restores the day.

He said: Asphalion swift the laver brings;
 Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
 Then from the rites of purity repair,
 And with keen gust the sav'ry viands share.
 Meantime, with genial joy to warm the soul,
 Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
 Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign use, to assuage
 The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
 To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
 And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
 Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
 All sense of wo delivers to the wind.
 Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
 Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
 Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian-force,
 Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;

From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
 The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
 These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
 Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
 Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile
 With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
 With wholsome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
 Of vegetable venom, taints the plain;
 From Paeon sprung, their patron-god imparts
 To all the Phærian race his healing arts.
 The beverage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,
 The circle thus the beauteous queen address.

Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
 Tempers the fates of human race above;
 By the firm sanction of his sov'reign will,
 Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
 To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
 And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
 Myself assisting in the social joy,
 Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
 Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
 Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

Scam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave,
 In the vile habit of a village slave:
 The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
 In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
 In this attire secure from searching eyes,
 Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
 The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
 Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,
 Eludes my search: But when his form I view'd,
 Fresh from the bath, with fragrant oils renew'd,

His limbs in military purple dress'd ;
 Each bright'ning grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
 A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
 Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
 To keep his stay conceal'd ; the chief declar'd
 'The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
 Exploring then the secrets of the state,
 He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate :
 And safe returning to the Grecian host,
 Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
 Long grief resounded through the tow'rs of Troy,
 But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy ;
 For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame,
 I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
 Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
 Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove :
 And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
 My absent daughter, and my dearer lord ;
 Admir'd among the first of human race,
 For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace.

Right well, reply'd the king, your speech displays
 The matchless merit of the chief you praise :
 Heroes in various climes myself have found,
 For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd ;
 But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
 May boast a title to the loudest fame :
 In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
 Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
 What wond'rous conduct in the chief appear'd,
 When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd !
 Some daemon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
 Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come

T' explore the fraud ; with guile oppos'd to guile,
 Slow pacing thrice around th' insidious pile ;
 Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
 Your accent varying as their spouses spoke :
 The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
 But most Tydides and my heart alarm'd :
 To quit the steed we both impatient press,
 Threat'ning to answer from the dark recess.
 Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd,
 And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd :
 But Anticlus, unable to controul,
 Spoke loud the language of his yerning soul.
 Ulysses straight, with indignation fir'd,
 (For so the common care of Greece requir'd),
 Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
 Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs dy'd.
 Meantime Minerva from the fraudulent horse,
 Back to the court of Priam bent your course.

Inclement fate ! Telemachus replies,
 Frail is the boasted attribute of wife :
 The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
 Is in the common mass of matter lost !
 But now let sleep the baneful waste repair
 Of sad reflection, and corroding care.

He ceas'd : The menial fair that round her wait,
 At Helen's beck prepare the room of state :
 Beneath an ample portico, they spread
 The downy fleece, to form the slumb'rous bed ;
 And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
 Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold :
 Then through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
 Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest :

While to his regal bow'r the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw;
The glitt'ring zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine,
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd.

Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?

O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Our sov'reign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate, I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:

If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
 Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
 If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
 To the fire's merit give the son's request.

Deep from his inmost soul Atreides sigh'd,
 And thus indignant to the prince reply'd.
 Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
 So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
 A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
 Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
 Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flow'ry lawns:
 Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway
 The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
 With equal fury, and with equal fame,
 Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
 O Jove, supreme, whom gods and men revere!
 And thou *, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the sphere!
 With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
 The chief adopted by the martial maid!
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
 His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne,
 Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
 With patient ear, oh royal youth! attend
 The storied labours of thy father's friend:
 Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
 But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:

* Apollo.

Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.

Long on th' Egyptian coast by calms confin'd;
Heav'n to my fleet refus'd a prosp'rous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain!
For this the gods each fav'ring gale restrain:
Jealous to see their high behests obey'd,
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade!
High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboating Nile:
Her distance from the shore, the course begun;
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A galley measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.

And now the twentieth sun descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main;
And the pale mariner at once deploras
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores.
When lo! a bright cerulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wide isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the filthy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desire of food.

Whoe'er thou art (the azure goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise.

Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train,
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?

Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply :
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A goddess sure ! for more than mortal grace
Speaks thee descendent of ætherial race :
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains ;
Some heav'nly pow'r averse my stay constrains :
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew,
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view ?)
What pow'r becalms th' innavigable seas ?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease ?

I ceas'd ; when affable the goddess cry'd :
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide :
Th' orac'ulous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast :
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's wat'ry reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode ;
There fast in chains constrain the various god :
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If studious of your realms, you then demand,
Their state, since last you left your natal land ;
Instant the god obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.

She ceas'd ; and suppliant thus I made reply :
O goddess ! on thy aid my hopes rely :
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer ?

For perilous th' essay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the prescience of a god by guile.

Thus to the goddess mild my suit I end.

Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend.

When through the zone of heav'n the mounted sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;

The sear, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,

Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,

His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,

The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,

Frequent and full; the consecrated train

Of her*, whose azure trident awes the main:

There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales

An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.

To that recess, commodious for surprise,

When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,

With me repair; and from thy warrior-band

Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:

Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,

For strong the god, and perfected in guile.

Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys

The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;

Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound

The scaly charge their guardian god surround:

So with his batt'ning flocks the careful swain

Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.

With pow'rs united, obstinately bold

Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:

Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,

The mimic force of ev'ry savage shape:

* Amfitrite.

Or glides with liquid lapse a murm'ring stream,
 Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.
 Yet still retentive, with redoubled might
 Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.
 But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
 Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
 The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
 And sooth the vanquish'd with a victor's pray'r.
 The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
 What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
 Who straight propitious, in prophetic strain,
 Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
 She ceas'd, and bounding from the shelvy shore,
 Round the descending nymphs the waves redounding
 roar.

High rapt in wonder of the future deed,
 With joy impetuous, to the port I speed :
 The wants of nature with repast suffice,
 Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
 And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
 Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep
 Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
 In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
 Advanc'd her rosy steps ; before the bay,
 Due ritual honours to the gods I pay ;
 Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
 With three associates of undaunted mind.
 Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
 For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand :
 Then from her azure car, the finny spoils
 Of four vast Phocæe takes, to veil her wiles ;

Beneath the finny spoils extended prone,
 Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
 New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
 Unfavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze:
 But the bright sea-maid's gentle pow'r implor'd,
 With nectar'd drops the sick'ning sense restor'd.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
 Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
 When thronging thick to bask in open air,
 The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
 Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
 Then Proteus mounting from the hoary deep,
 Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
 (In order told, we make the sum complete.)
 Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies,
 And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
 Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
 A furious onset with the sound of war,
 And shouting seize the god: Our force t' evade
 His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
 A lion now, he curls a surgy mane;
 Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
 Then arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
 A boar's obscene shape the god belies:
 On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
 Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
 And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
 A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
 Vain efforts! with superior pow'r compress'd,
 Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd.
 Say, son of Atreus, say what god inspir'd
 This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?

I thus : O thou, whose certain eye foresees
 The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees ;
 After long woes, and various toils endur'd,
 Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd,
 Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing ! say,
 What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way ?
 What vows repentant will the pow'r appease,
 To speed a prosp'rous voyage o'er the seas ?

To Jove, (with stern regard the god replies),
 And all th' offended synod of the skies,
 Just hecatombs, with due devotion slain,
 Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosp'rous voyage gain.
 To the firm sanction of thy fate attend !
 An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
 Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
 Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
 Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
 Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
 Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
 And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
 Then will the gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
 To thy long vows a safe return accord.

He ceas'd. Heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
 (Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
 A shelfy tract, and long !), O seer, I cry,
 To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
 My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
 What fate propitious, or what dire dismay
 Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host,
 Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
 Embracing left ? Must I the warriors weep,
 Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep ?

Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore ?

Prefs not too far, reply'd the god : but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace :
Too curious of their doom ! with friendly wo
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live ; the rest, a lamentable train !
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate ; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

By Neptune rescu'd from Minerva's hate,
On Gyrae, safe Oilean Ajax sat,
His ship o'erwhelm'd ; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods ;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The pow'r defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
This heard the raging ruler of the main ;
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,
He launch'd, dividing with his forky mace
Th' aerial summit from the marble base :
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyss the boaster bore.

By Juno's guardian aid, the wat'ry vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother past :
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds,
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,
Across the deep his lab'ring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd ;

But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
 Ægysthus govern'd in paternal state.
 The furies now subside, the tempest ends;
 From his tall ship the king of men descends:
 There fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil!
 Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
 With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
 And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
 Him thus exulting on the distant strand,
 A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand;
 To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told
 A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
 There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
 Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
 And now admonish'd by his eye, to court
 With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
 Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
 The ministers of blood in dark surprise:
 And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
 Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
 Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
 Vain shews of love to veil his felon-hate!
 To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
 A train of coursers, and triumphal cars
 Magnificent he leads: The royal guest,
 Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.
 The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,
 With homicidal rage the king oppresses!
 So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
 The sov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
 The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
 Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:

Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.

He ſaid : Chill horrors ſhook my ſhiv'ring ſoul,
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roul;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the fun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, ſuperior to the rage of wo,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying god began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword;
Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.

He ſaid : New thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſs
The preſcient godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I've heard with pain; but oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſert of the main;
Or in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.

That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon : Girt with circumfluus tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.

Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
 When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
 But vain his pray'r, his arts are vain to move
 Th' enamour'd goddess, or elude her love :
 His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
 He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
 But, oh belov'd by heav'n ! reserv'd to thee
 A happier lot the smiling fates decree :
 Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
 Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay ;
 Elysium shall be thine ; the blissful plains
 Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
 Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
 Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year :
 Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime :
 The fields are florid with unfading prime :
 From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
 Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow ;
 But from the breezy deep the blest'd inhale
 The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
 This grace peculiar will the gods afford
 To thee the son of Jove, andauteous Helen's lord.

He ceas'd, and plunging in the vast profound,
 Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.
 Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
 My friends attending at the shore I sought.
 Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
 Till night with silent shade invests the pole ;
 Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
 Soon as the morn reveals the roscate east,
 With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
 Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.

Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars,
 White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
 Then steering backward from the Pharian isle,
 We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile;
 There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
 With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:
 Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name,
 A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
 These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
 The friendly gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
 The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
 Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
 A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
 And now, young prince, indulge my fond request:
 Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
 Till from his eastern goal the joyous sun
 His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
 Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
 Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
 With these, a goblet of capacious mold,
 Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
 (Form'd for libation to the gods), shall prove
 A pledge and monument of sacred love.

My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
 Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
 Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
 Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
 Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
 While deep attention fix'd my list'ning soul.
 But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
 My lov'd associates chide my long delay.

In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
 I take the present of the promis'd vase ;
 The courfers for the champaign sports, retain ;
 That gift our barren rocks will render vain :
 Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
 Thin herbage for the mountain-goat to browse ;
 But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
 The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed :
 To sea-surrounded realms the gods assign
 Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
 And smiling, thus the royal youth address'd :
 O early worth ! a soul so wise, and young,
 Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.
 Selected from my stores, of matchless price
 An urn shall recompence your prudent choice :
 Not mean the massy mold of silver, grac'd
 By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd :
 A pledge the sceptred pow'r of Sidon gave,
 When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate ; while with artful care
 The menial train the regal feast prepare :
 The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die ;
 Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply ;
 A female band the gift of Ceres bring ;
 And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the suitor-pow'rs
 In active games divide their jovial hours :
 In areas vary'd with Mosaic art,
 Some whirl the disk, and some the jav'lin dart.
 Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
 Antinous sat spectator of the sport ;

With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
 And high descent, superior to the rest ;
 Whom young Noemon lowly thus address.

My ship equipp'd within the neighb'ring port,
 The prince departing for the Pylian court,
 Requested for his speed ; but, courteous, say
 When steers he home ? or why this long delay ?
 For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
 T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
 And twelve young mules, a strong, laborious race,
 New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.

Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
 A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind :
 The prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought,
 Numb'ring his flocks and herds, not far remote.
 Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
 When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle ?
 Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
 Attend his voyage, or domestic train ?
 Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
 Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force ?

With willing duty, nor reluctant mind,
 (Noemon cry'd), the vessel was resign'd.
 Who, in the balance with the great affairs
 Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares ?
 With him, the peerage next in pow'r to you ;
 And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
 Or some celestial in his rev'rend form,
 Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
 Pilots their course : For when the glimm'ring ray
 Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,

Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd.—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.

Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came :
Antinous first th' assembled peers address,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.

O shame to manhood ! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy ?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flow'r
Of nobles, and invite a foreign pow'r ?
The pond'rous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighb'ring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd ;
For, ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore,
His ship returning shall my spies explore :
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.

With vast applause the sentence all approve ;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove :
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan :
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands.

What will the suitors ? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast ?
Heav'n grant this festival may prove their last !
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love !
Forbear, ye sons of insolence ! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir,

In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
 Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
 Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
 Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
 Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
 Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:
 Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
 The people's parent, he protected all:
 But absent now, perfidious and in grate!
 His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.

He thus: O were the woes you speak the worst!
 They form a deed more odious and accurst;
 More dreadful than your boding foul divines:
 But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
 The darling object of your royal care
 Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare:
 Before he anchors in his native port,
 From Pyle resailing and the Spartan court,
 Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
 The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
 The vital streams a chilling horror froze:
 The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
 And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
 At length, in tender language, interwove
 With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love.
 Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
 Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
 Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
 A blank oblivion, and untimely grave!

'Tis not, reply'd the sage, to Medon giv'n
 To know, if some inhabitant of heav'n

In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd ;
 Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
 The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
 Studious to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd. Unable to controul
 The mighty griefs that swell her lab'ring soul,
 Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
 The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
 Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
 And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
 Around their sov'reign wept the menial fair,
 To whom she thus address'd her deep despair.

Behold a wretch, whom all the gods consign
 To wo ! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?
 Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :
 Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
 Our other column of the state is born :
 Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent !—
 Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent !
 Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal,
 From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal :
 Though at the solemn midnight-hour he rose,
 Why did you fear to trouble my repose ?
 He either had obey'd my fond desire,
 Or seen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.
 Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
 Whom to my nuptial train Icarus gave,
 To tend the fruit-groves : With incessant speed
 He shall this violence of death decreed,
 To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
 May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,

Convene the tribes, the murd'rous plot reveal,
And to their pow'r to save his race appeal.

Then Euryclea thus : My dearest dread !
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed :
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd :
A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heav'n reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial * maid,
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid. }
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age :
'Tis impious to surmise, the pow'rs divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line :
Long shall the race of just Arceſius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.

The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears :
She bathes, and rob'd, the sacred dome ascends :
Her pious speed a female train attends :
The salted cakes in canisters are laid ;
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid.

Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !

* Minerva.

If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
 The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
 Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
 And for the pious sire preserve the son:
 His wish'd return with happy pow'r befriend,
 And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.

She ceas'd; shrill ecstasies of joy declare
 The fav'ring goddess present to the pray'r.
 The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
 A signal of her hymenaeal choice:
 Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board;
 "Too late the queen selects a second lord:
 "In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
 "When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
 Thus he, unskill'd of what the fates provide!
 But with severe rebuke Antinous cry'd.

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
 Alarm not with discourse the menial train:
 The great event with silent hope attend;
 Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.

His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
 And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:
 Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
 Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,
 Replete with mail and military store,
 In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
 The desp'rate crew ascend, unfurl the sails:
 (The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
 Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
 His golden circlet in the western shade.

Meantime the queen without refection due,
 Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:

In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roul,
 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
 So when the wood-man's toil her cave furrounds,
 And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
 With grief and rage the mother-lion stung
 Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumb'rous shade,
 Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;
 Minerva, life-like on embody'd air,
 Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
 (Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
 A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
 Of Thessaly wide-stretch'd his ample reign):
 As Pallas will'd, along the fable skies,
 To calm the queen, the phantom sister flies,
 Swift on the regal dome descending right,
 The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
 Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
 And thus performs Minerva's high commands.

O why, Penelope, this causeless fear!
 To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere?
 Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
 The day-reflection, and the midnight-dream!
 Thy son the gods propitious will restore,
 And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen, (whilst yet her pensive mind
 Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd):
 O sister, to my soul for ever dear!
 Why this first visit to reprove my fear?
 How in a realm so distant should you know
 From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow?

To all my hopes my royal lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
 And with consummate woe to weigh me down,
 The heir of all his honours, and his crown,
 My darling son is fled! an easy prey
 To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they;
 Who in a league of blood associates sworn,
 Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form reply'd,
 In the protecting care of heav'n confide:
 On him attends the blue-ey'd martial maid;
 What earthly can implore a surer aid?
 Me now the guardian goddess deigns to send,
 To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies: If in the blest abodes,
 A goddess, thou hast commerce with the gods;
 Say, breathes my lord the blestful realm of light,
 Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?

Inquire not of his doom, the phantom cries:
 I speak not all the counsel of the skies;
 Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
 The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
 Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
 The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes;
 With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
 The vision, manifest of future fate,
 Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait:

Meantime the suitors plow the wat'ry main,
 Telemachus in thought already slain!
 When sight of less'ning Ithaca was lost,
 Their sail directed for the Samian coast,

A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
 And Asteris th' advancing pilot knew :
 An ample port the rocks projected form,
 To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm :
 That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
 And in close ambush wait the murd'rous deed.

THE
O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

PALLAS, in a council of the gods, complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The feat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty, and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phaeacia.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL MUSEUM

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B O O K V.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
 Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
 Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
 Before the god who thunders from on high,
 Supreme in might, sublime in majesty,
 Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal fates
 Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates ;
 Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,
 The nymphs seducements, and the magic bow'r.

}

Thus she began her plaint. Immortal Jove !
 And you who fill the blefsful seats above !
 Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
 Or bless a people willing to obey,
 But crush the nations with an iron rod,
 And ev'ry monarch be the scourge of God ;
 If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
 Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
 Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
 Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
 Unblest'd he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
 And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
 Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
 Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
 And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
 His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ ;

Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.

What words are these? (reply'd the pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with storms).
Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wisdom do? Thou mayst restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n.
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders born:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods:
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phaeacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heav'nly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest;
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil):
His friends, his country he shall see, though late;
Such is our sov'reign will, and such is fate.

He spo'ke. The god who mounts the winged winds,
Fast to his feet his golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.

He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye :
 Then shoots from heav'n to high Pieria's steep,
 And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
 So wat'ry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
 With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
 Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
 Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
 Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
 Till now the distant island rose in view :
 Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
 He took the path that winded to the cave.
 Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found,
 (The fair-hair'd nymph, with ev'ry beauty crown'd) ;
 She sat and sung ; the rocks resound her lays :
 The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze ;
 Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
 Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle ;
 While she with work and song the time divides,
 And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
 Without the grot, a various sylvan scene
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green ;
 Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
 And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade ;
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
 The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
 The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
 With purple clusters blushing through the green.

Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
 And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
 In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill :
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
 And glowing violets threw odours round.
 A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
 A god might gaze, and wonder with delight !
 Joy touch'd the messenger of heav'n : He stay'd
 Entranc'd, and all the blebsful haunt survey'd.
 Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypso knew ;
 For pow'rs celestial to each other's view
 Stand still confess'd, though distant far they lie,
 Or habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
 But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
 Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart ;
 All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,
 And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep ;
 Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
 Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
 Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
 To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun.
 God of the golden wand ! on what behest
 Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest ?
 Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay ;
 'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
 Approach, and taste the dainties of my bow'r.
 Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread,
 (Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red) ;
 Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
 Divine refection ! then recruited, spoke.

What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
 A goddess asks, nor can a god deny :
 Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
 Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land ;
 For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep
 Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep ;
 A world of waters ! far from all the ways
 Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze ?
 But to Jove's will submission we must pay ;
 What pow'r so great, to dare to disobey ?
 A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
 Of all his kind most worn with misery :
 The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
 Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd).
 At length embarking in a luckless hour,
 With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's pow'r :
 Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
 With storms pursu'd them through the liquid world.
 There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave !
 There all his dear companions found their grave !
 Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,
 The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
 Him Jove now orders to his native lands
 Straight to dismiss ; so destiny commands :
 Impatient fate his near return attends,
 And calls him to his country and his friends.

Ev'n to her inmost soul the goddess shook ;
 Then thus her anguish and her passion broke.
 Ungracious gods ! with spite and envy curst !
 Still to your own aetherial race the worst !
 Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
 And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.

Did ever goddess by her charms engage
 A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
 So when Aurora fought Orion's love,
 Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
 Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
 Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
 So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
 Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
 Scarce could Iasion taste her heav'nly charms,
 But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
 And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!
 Am I the envy of your blissful how'rs?
 A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
 It was my crime to pity, and to save;
 When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
 And sunk his brave companions in the main.
 Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
 The sport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coast,
 Hither this man of miseries I led,
 Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
 Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow
 Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.
 'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove:
 Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
 Go then he may, (he must, if he ordain,
 Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again).
 But never, never shall Calypso send
 To toils like these, her husband and her friend.
 What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
 What oars to cut the long laborious way?
 Yet I'll direct the safest means to go:
 That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her the pow'r who bears the charming rod :
 Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god ;
 Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
 For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove ?
 Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
 And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
 The nymph, obedient to divine command,
 To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
 Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
 With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
 And inly pining for his native shore ;
 For now the soft inchantress pleas'd no more :
 For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
 Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
 In slumber wore the heavy night away,
 On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day ;
 There sat all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
 With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
 And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
 Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

Here, on his musing mood the goddess press'd,
 Approaching soft ; and thus the chief address'd.
 Unhappy man ! to wasting woes a prey,
 No more in sorrows languish life away :
 Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
 Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
 And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
 Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
 To store the vessel let the care be mine,
 With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
 And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
 And prosp'rous gales to waft thee on thy way.

These, if the gods with my desires comply,
 (The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
 And better skill'd in dark events to come),
 In peace shall land thee at thy native home.

With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
 Then thus his melancholy silence broke.
 Some other motive, goddess! sways thy mind,
 (Some close-design, or turn of womankind);
 Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
 On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
 Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety fails
 The best built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
 The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,
 Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
 Swear then, thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;
 Swear by the solemn oath that binds the gods.

Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
 And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd.
 This shews thee, friend, by old experience taught,
 And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
 How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
 But hear, oh earth, and hear, ye sacred skies!
 And thou, oh Styx! whose formidable floods
 Glide through the shades, and bind th' attesting gods!
 No form'd design, no meditated end
 Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
 Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
 The same my practice, were my fate the same.
 Heav'n has not curs'd me with a heart of steel,
 But giv'n the sense to pity, and to feel.

Thus having said, the goddess march'd before:
 He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.

At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
 He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sat.
 For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,
 Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
 Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
 Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
 Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress,
 Thus spoke Calypso to her god-like guest.

Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began),
 O sprung from gods! in wisdom more than man;
 Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
 Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
 Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
 Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
 But ah, Ulysses! wert thou giv'n to know
 What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
 Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
 And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to please,
 A willing goddess, and immortal life,
 Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
 Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
 Less soft my features, less august my frame?
 Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
 Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?

Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
 Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
 Lov'd and ador'd, oh goddess! as thou art,
 Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
 Though well I see thy graces far above
 The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
 Of youth eternal well the difference know,
 And the short date of fading charms below;

Yet ev'ry day, while absent thus I roam,
 I languish to return, and die at home.
 Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear
 In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
 'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
 Inur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
 By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
 Still I can suffer: Their high will be done.

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,
 And rising night her lonely shade extends.
 To the close grot the friendly pair remove,
 And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
 When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
 Ulysses rob'd him in his cloke and vest.
 The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
 Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
 With flow'rs of gold: An under-robe, unbound,
 In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
 Forth-issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
 A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd,
 And double-edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
 Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
 And next, a wedge, to drive with sweepy sway:
 Then to the neighb'ring forest led the way.
 On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
 Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
 Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
 Scorch'd by the sun, or fear'd by heav'nly fire,
 (Already dry'd). These pointing out to view,
 The nymph just shew'd him, and with tears withdrew.
 Now tells the hero: Trees on trees o'erthrown
 Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan:

Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
 And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
 At equal angles these dispos'd to join,
 He smooth'd and squar'd him, by the rule and line.
 (The wimbles for the work Calypso found);
 With those he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.
 Long and capacious, as a shipwright forms
 Some bark's broad bottom, to out-ride the storms,
 So large he built the raft: Then ribb'd it strong
 From space to space, and nail'd the planks along:
 These form'd the sides: The deck he fashion'd last;
 Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
 With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
 And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd,
 (With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
 Of surging waves, and steer the steady course).
 Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
 Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
 With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
 And, roll'd on lavers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now the work complete,
 Shone the fifth morn: When from her sacred seat
 The nymph dismiss'd him, (od'rous garments giv'n
 And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n):
 Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
 With water one, and one with sable wine:
 Of ev'ry kind, provisions heav'd aboard,
 And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
 The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
 To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.

And now rejoicing in the prosp'rous gales,
 With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails:

Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies,
 Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
 There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern Team;
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
 To which, around the axle of the sky
 The Bear revolving, points his golden eye :
 Who shines exalted on th' aethereal plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
 Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
 The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
 Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way ;
 The distant land appear'd the following day ;
 Then swell'd to fight Phaeacia's dusky coast,
 And woody mountains, half in vapours lost ;
 That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
 Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
 From far, on Solyme's aerial brow,
 The king of ocean saw, and seeing burn'd;
 (From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd) :
 The raging monarch shook his azure head,
 And thus in secret to his soul he said.

Heav'ns ! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high !
 Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
 In one man's favour, while a distant guest
 I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast ?
 Behold how near Phaeacia's land he draws !
 The land affix'd by fate's eternal laws
 To end his toils. Is then our anger vain ?
 No ; if this sceptre yet commands the main.

He spoke ; and high the forky trident hurl'd,
 Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world,

At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
 Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
 Down rush'd the night. East, west, together roar,
 And south and north roll mountains to the shore;
 Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
 And question'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind.

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
 This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
 Too well, alas! the island goddess knew,
 On the black sea what perils should ensue.
 New horrors now this destin'd head inclose;
 Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.
 With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd?
 What raging winds? what roaring waters round?
 'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
 Death, present death, on ev'ry side appears.
 Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
 Press'd, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
 Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
 Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall,
 (Such as was that, when show'rs of jav'lins fled
 From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead);
 All Greece had paid me solemn fun'erals then,
 And spread my glory with the sons of men.
 A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
 Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
 The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
 Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
 Far on the swelling surge the chief was born;
 While by the howling tempest rent in twain
 Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.

Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
 Clogg'd by the cumb'rous vest Calypso gave :
 At length emerging, from his nostrils wide,
 And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide.
 Ev'n then, not mindless of his last retreat,
 He seiz'd the raft, and leap'd into his seat,
 Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood,
 Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
 As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
 Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast ;
 Together clung, it rolls around the field ;
 So roll'd the float, and so its texture held :
 And now the south, and now the north bear sway,
 And now the east the foamy floods obey,
 And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.

The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
 Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast ;
 (Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
 But now an azure sister of the main) :
 Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
 All radiant on the raft the goddess flood ;
 Then thus address'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees
 To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
 (Unequal contest) ; not his rage and pow'r,
 Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
 What I suggest thy wisdom will perform ;
 Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm ;
 Strip off thy garments ; Neptune's fury brave
 With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
 To reach Phaeacia all thy nerves extend,
 There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.

This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
 And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
 Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
 Return the gift, and cast it in the main:
 Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
 Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
 Then down the deeps she div'd, from whence she rose:
 A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
 And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
 He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
 What shall I do? unhappy me! who knows
 But other gods intend me other woes?
 Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join,
 Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
 For scarce in ken appears that distant isle
 Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.
 Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain
 The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
 But when their texture to the tempest yields,
 I launch advent'rous on the liquid fields,
 Join to the help of gods the strength of man,
 And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
 The raging god a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
 Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread,
 Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
 Planks, beams, disparted fly: The scatter'd wood
 Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
 So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new shorn,
 Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.

And now a single beam the chief bestrides ;
 There, pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
 His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
 And binds the sacred cincture round his breast :
 Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
 Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
 All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
 Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said :

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay :
 Go, wander helpless on the wat'ry way :
 Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
 (If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
 Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
 Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
 And reach high Ægae and the tow'ry dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth shaking
 pow'r,

Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour ;
 Back to their caves she bade the wind to fly,
 And hush'd the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
 And bear him soft on broken waves away ;
 With gentle force impelling to that shore,
 Where fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
 And now two nights, and now two days were past,
 Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste ;
 Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
 And hourly panting in the arms of death.
 The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main ;
 Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain,

The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a deed silence still'd the wat'ry world.

When lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.

As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd sire revives before their sight,
(Who ling'ring long, has call'd on death in vain,

Fix'd by some daemon to his bed of pain,
Till heav'n by miracle his life restore):

So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore;
And sees (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees.

And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the list'ning ear may wound,

Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar

Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore:

Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,

To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,

But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!

All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.

Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,

As thus he commun'd with his soul apart.

Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost,
These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd-for coast,

No port receives me from the angry main,

But the loud deeps demand me back again.

Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around

Roar the wild waves; beneath, is sea profound!

No footing sure affords the faithless sand,

To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.

If here I enter, my efforts are vain,

Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;

Or round the island if my course I bend,
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
 Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep ;
 Or some enormous whale the god may send,
 (For many such on Amphitrite attend).
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
 And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe.

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-bore
 The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore :
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung ;
 Till the huge surge roll'd off: Then backward sweep
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.
 As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
 Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,
 His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands ;
 So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
 Th' unhappy man ; ev'n fate had been in vain :
 But all-subduing Pallas lent her pow'r,
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore),
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey
 Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.
 Between the parting rocks at length he spy'd
 A falling stream with gentler waters glide ;
 Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
 And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.

To this calm port the glad Ulysses prefs'd,
And hail'd the river, and its god address'd.

Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure king ! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery :
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distress'd.

He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropt his sinewy arms ; his knees no more
Perform their office, or his weight upheld :
His swol'n heart heav'd ; his bloated body swell'd :
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran :
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath ;
The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound ;
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves,
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank, with pliant rushes crown'd ;
The bank he prefs'd, and gently kiss'd the ground ; }

Where on the flow'ry herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the fage began to say.

What will ye next ordain, ye pow'rs on high !
And yet, ah yet ! what fates are we to try ?
Here by the stream, if I the night outwear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending, and nocturnal air ;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning rises ?—If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innum'rous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows ;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be past,
What savage beasts may wander in the waste ?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions, in their way.

Thus long debating in himself he stood.
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove ;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
With sister-fruits ; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had pow'r,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing show'r ;
The verdant arch so close its texture kept :
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,
(Thick strown by tempest through the bow'ry shade),
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement sky,

This store with joy the patient hero found,
And sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire :
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

T H E
O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K VI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

PALLAS appearing in a dream to Nausicaa, (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phaeacia,) commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses; who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

ODYSSEY

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT



Odysseus, appearing in a dream to Menelaus, (the
 daughter of Atreus) commands
 her to direct to the river, and the robes of
 Odysseus, in preparation to her departure. Menelaus goes
 with her handmaids to the river; where, while the
 garments are laid on the bank, they divert them-
 selves in games. Their voices awake Ulysses, who,
 addressing himself to the priestess, is by her re-
 lated and directed, and receives directions in what
 manner to apply to the king and queen of the

Book VII

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B O O K VI.

WHILE thus the weary wand'rer sunk to rest,
 And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
 The martial maid from heav'n's aerial height
 Swift to Phaeacia wing'd her rapid flight.
 In elder times the soft Phaeacian train
 In ease possess'd the wide Hyperian plain;
 Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
 A lawless nation of gigantic foes:
 Then great Nautilous from Hyperia far,
 Through seas retreating, from the sound of war,
 The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
 Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head:
 There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd,
 To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd:
 Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
 And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
 Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
 And wife Alcinous held the regal sway.

To his high palace through the fields of air
 The goddesses shot; Ulysses was her care.
 There as the night in silence roll'd away,
 A heav'n of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
 Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
 Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a grace.
 Light as the viewless air, the warrior-maid
 Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head:
 A fav'rite virgin's blooming form she took,
 From Dymas sprung; and thus the vision spoke.

Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
 And sleep'st thou, careless of the bridal day?
 Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
 Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
 A just applause the cares of dress impart,
 And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
 Hasten, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
 When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
 Hasten to the stream! companion of thy care,
 Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
 Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
 See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh!
 The royal car at early dawn obtain,
 And order mules obedient to the rein;
 For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
 Where their fair vests Phaeacian virgins lave.
 In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
 And majesty derives a grace from state.
 Then to the palaces of heav'n she sails,
 Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales;
 The seat of gods, the regions mild of peace,
 Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
 There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
 No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
 But on immortal thrones the blest'd repose:
 The firmament with living splendours glows.
 Hither the goddess wing'd th' aerial way,
 Through heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
 Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
 The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
 Uprose the virgin with the morning-light,
 Obedient to the vision of the night.

The queen she fought : The queen her hours bestow'd
 In curious works ; the whirling spindle glow'd
 With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
 The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
 Meanwhile Phacacia's peers in council sat ;
 From his high dome the king descends in state :
 Then with a filial awe the royal maid
 Approach'd him, passing, and submissive said ;

Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
 And may his child the royal-car obtain ?
 Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
 Where through the vales the mazy waters stray
 A dignity of dress adorns the great,
 And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
 Five sons thou hast ; three wait the bridal day :
 And spotless robes become the young and gay :
 So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
 By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.

Thus she : But blushes ill-restrain'd betray
 Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day :
 The conscious fire the dawning blush survey'd,
 And smiling, thus bespoke the blooming maid :
 My child, my darling joy ! the car receive ;
 That, and what'er our daughter asks, we give.

Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
 The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
 The blooming virgin, with dispatchful cares,
 Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
 The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
 The sumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.
 The train prepare a cruise of curious mold,
 A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burpish'd gold ;

Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand; Along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: Nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.

They seek the cisterns where Phaeacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.

The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand):
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil:
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play;
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Toss'd, and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast: Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress-queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;

Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves;
 Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
 With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
 And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous train.

Meantime (the care and fav'rite of the skies)
 Wrapt in embow'ring shade, Ulysses lies,
 His woes forgot: But Pallas now address
 To break the bands of all-composing rest.
 Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
 The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
 And swam the stream: Loud shrieks the virgin train,
 And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
 Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
 And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
 On what new region is Ulysses tost;
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
 Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
 What sounds are these that gather from the shores?
 The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs,
 The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood,
 Or azure daughters of the silver flood,
 Or human voice? But, issuing from the shades,
 Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous
 bends,
 With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
 Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
 A wreathy foliage, and concealing shades.
 As when a lion in the midnight-hours,
 Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wint'ry show'rs,

Descends terrific from the mountain's brow;
 With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
 With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
 Majestically fierce, to seize his prey,
 (The steer or stag): Or with keen hunger bold
 Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
 No less a terror, from the neighb'ring groves,
 Rough from the tossing surge, Ulysses moves,
 Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
 The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
 Wide o'er the shore, with many a piercing cry,
 To rocks, to caves, the frightened virgins fly;
 All but the nymph: The nymph stood fix'd alone,
 By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
 Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
 And self-considering, as he stands, debates;
 Distant his mournful story to declare,
 Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r.
 But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,
 At awful distance he accosts the maid.

If from the skies a goddess, or if earth
 (Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
 To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
 Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
 Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
 So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
 So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
 Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
 Bless'd is the father, from whose loins you sprung,
 Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,
 Bless'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,
 To such a miracle of charms ally'd;

Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
 When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious
 maze:

But blest'd o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
 Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!

Never, I never view'd till this blest'd hour
 Such finish'd grace! I gaze and I adore

Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
 By Phoebus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
 The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast

I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
 But ah how chang'd! from thence my sorrow flows;
 O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!)

Raptur'd I stood, and at this hour amaz'd,
 With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:

Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
 A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.

Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
 For misery, oh queen, before thee stands!

Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
 To roaring billows, and the warring wind;

Heav'n bade the deep to spare! but heav'n, my foe,
 Spares only to inflict some mightier wo!

Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
 Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!

Once more I view the face of human kind:
 Oh let soft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!

Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
 Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.

Propitious to my wants, a vest supply,
 To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:

So may the gods who heav'n and earth controul;
 Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
 On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
 Bless'd with a husband be thy bridal bed;
 Bless'd be thy husband with a blooming race,
 And lasting union crown your blissful days.
 The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
 Firm union on their favourites below:
 Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
 The good exult, and heav'n is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy care:
 Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
 Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
 And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
 Bear with a soul resign'd the will of Jove:
 Who breathes, must mourn: Thy woes are from above.
 But, since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
 'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
 To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
 Know, the Phacacian tribes this land divide;
 From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring;
 A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids—Why, why, ye coward train,
 These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
 Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread;
 'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread:
 Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
 Around our realm, a barrier from the foes.
 'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
 Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
 By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
 And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.

Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide;
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay :
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.

To them the king. No longer I detain
Your friendly care : Retire, ye virgin train !
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave.
Ye gods ! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view ?
But, nymphs, recede ! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds ; the flashing waves divide :
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze ;
The balmy oil, a fragrant show'r, he sheds ;
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine :
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives ;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mold,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold :
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heav'nly bloom, and like a god he moves.

A fragrance breathes around : Majestic grace
 Attends his steps : Th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
 Soft he reclines along the murm'ring seas,
 Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wond'ring nymph his glorious port survey'd,
 And to her damsels, with amazement, said.

Not without care divine the stranger treads
 This land of joy : His steps some godhead leads :
 Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driv'n
 Far from this realm, the fav'rite isle of heav'n.
 Late a sad spectacle of wo, he trod
 The desert sands, and now he looks a god.
 Oh heav'n ! in my connubial hour decree
 This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he
 But haste, the viands and the bowl provide—
 The maids the viands and the bowl supply'd :
 Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
 And with the gen'rous vintage thirst assuag'd.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
 The robes resumes, the glitt'ring car ascends,
 Far blooming o'er the field : And as she press'd
 The splendid feat, the list'ning chief address'd.

Stranger, arise ! the sun rolls down the day :
 Lo, to the palace I direct thy way ;
 Where in high state the nobles of the land
 Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
 But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
 Speaks from thy tongue, and ev'ry action guides ;
 Advance at distance, while I pass the plain
 Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain :
 Alone I re-ascend—With airy mounds
 A strength of wall the guarded city bounds :

The jutting land two ample bays divides :
 Full through the narrow mouths descend the tides :
 The spacious basons arching rocks inclose,
 A sure defence from ev'ry storm that blows.
 Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins ;
 And near, a forum, flank'd with marble shines ;
 Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to store,
 Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar :
 For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
 To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill ;
 But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
 Or teach the flutt'ring sail to float in air ;
 They rush into the deep with eager joy,
 Climb the deep surge, and through the tempest fly ;
 A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
 The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues ;
 Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
 Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name.

" What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads ?
 " Heav'n's ! with what graceful majesty he treads ?
 " Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
 " The future comfort of her bridal hour ;
 " Or rather some descendent of the skies ;
 " Won by her pray'r, th' aerial bridegroom flies.
 " Heav'n on that hour its choicest influence shed,
 " That gave a sovereign spouse to crown her bed !
 " All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
 " This realm, she flies ; Phaeacia is her scorn."

And just the blame ; for female innocence
 Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence :
 Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste I blame ;
 And the least freedom with the sex is shame,

Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.

But wouldst thou soon review thy native plain,
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main :
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way : A bubbling fount distills
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills ;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene ;
Here a rich joice the royal vineyard pours ;
And there the garden yields a waste of flow'rs.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.
There wait embow'r'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.

Arriv'd, advance, impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way :
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From ev'ry dome by pomp superior known :
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state ;
Her royal hand a wondrous work designs ;
Around a circle of bright damsels shines ;
Part twist the threads, and part the wool dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian pow'rs,
My royal father shares the genial hours.
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes :
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar.

She added not ; but, waving as she wheel'd
 The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field :
 With skill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
 Slow rolls the car before th' attending train.

Now whirling down the heav'ns, the golden day
 Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray :
 The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade
 To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd.

Daughter of Jove ! whose arms in thunder wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield ;
 Forfook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid,
 When booming billows clos'd above my head :
 Attend, unconquer'd maid ! accord my vows,
 Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.

This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly,
 (By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky ;
 Stern god ! who rag'd with vengeance unrestrain'd,
 Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

THE
O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

THE princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phaeacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

VOL. VIII.

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B O O K VII.

THE patient heav'nly man thus suppliant pray'd;
 While the slow mules drew on th' imperial maid:
 Thro' the proud street she moves, the public gaze:
 The turning wheel before the palace stays.
 With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
 Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
 She seeks the bridal bow'r: A matron there
 The rising fire supplies with busy care.
 Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd.
 Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
 The captive dame Phaeacian rovers bore,
 Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
 (A grateful prize!) and in her bloom bestow'd
 On good Alcinous, honour'd as a god:
 Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
 And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
 To town Ulysses took the winding way.
 Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
 Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
 To shun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,
 Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
 When near the fam'd Phaeacian walls he drew,
 The beauteous city opening to his view,
 His step a virgin met, and stood before:
 A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,
 And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
 Lay hid the goddess with the azure eyes.

Show me, fair daughter (thus the chief demands)
 The house of him who rules these happy lands.
 Through many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come
 To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
 Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
 A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!

The goddess answer'd: Father, I obey,
 And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
 Well known to me the palace you inquire,
 For fast beside it dwells my honour'd fire.
 But silent march, nor greet the common train
 With question needless, or inquiry vain.
 A race of rugged mariners are these;
 Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas:
 The native islanders alone their care,
 And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
 These did the ruler of the deep ordain
 To build proud navies, and command the main;
 On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
 No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads:
 The footsteps of the deity he treads,
 And secret moves along the crowded space,
 Unseen of all the rude Phaeacian race.
 (So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
 The mist objected, and condens'd the skies.)
 The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,
 The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
 He next their princes lofty domes admires,
 In sep'rate islands, crown'd with rising spires;
 And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
 That gird the city like a marble zone.

At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd ;
There stopp'd the goddess, and her speech renew'd.

My task is done : The mansion you inquire
Appears before you : Enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The scepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold :
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.

First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen, Arete is her name, }
The same her parents, and her pow'r the same.
For know, from ocean's god Naufithous sprung,
And Peribaea, beautiful and young :
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold ;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir ;)
Who now, by Neptune's am'rous pow'r compress'd,
Produc'd a monarch that his people bless'd,
Father and prince of the Phaeacian name ;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phoebus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth ! expir'd.
No son surviv'd : Arete heir'd his state,
And her Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne :
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder, and the public love),

The tongues of all with transport sound her praise;
 The eyes of all, as on a goddess, gaze.
 She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast,
 To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd;
 In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest'd.
 Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
 And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the goddess deign'd no longer stay,
 But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
 Forfaking Sheria's ever-pleasing shore,
 The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
 Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
 With opening streets and shining structures spread,
 She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
 And to Erechtheus' sacred dome retreats.

Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
 There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
 Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
 The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,
 Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
 The walls were massy brass: The cornice high
 Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
 Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
 The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
 Silver the lintles deep-projecting o'er,
 And gold the ringlets that command the door.
 Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
 In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
 These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
 Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
 Alive each animated frame appears,
 And still to live, beyond the pow'r of years.

Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
 Where various carpets with embroid'ry blaz'd,
 The work of matrons : These the princes prest,
 Day following day, a long-continu'd feast.
 Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
 Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd ;
 The polish'd ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,
 Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
 Full fifty handmaids form the household train ;
 Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain ;
 Some ply the loom ; their busy fingers move
 Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
 Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
 For sailing arts, and all the naval toil,
 Than works of female skill their womens pride,
 The flying shuttle through the threads to guide :
 Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
 Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
 From storms defended and inclement skies.
 Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
 Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
 Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold ;
 The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold ;
 Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
 With deeper red the full pomegranate glows ;
 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
 And verdant olives flourish round the year.
 The balmy spirit of the western gale
 Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :
 Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
 On apples apples, figs on figs arise :

The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun;
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r describ'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd;

This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief, who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the * god
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.

* Mercury.

Unseen he glided through the joyous croud,
 With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
 Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
 And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
 Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
 Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
 The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd;
 Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
 Low at her knees, the much-enduring man,)
 To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
 To all that share the blessings of your reign,
 A suppliant bends: Oh pity human wo!
 'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
 A wretched exile to his country send,
 Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
 So may the gods your better days increase,
 And all your joys descend on all your race;
 So reign for ever on your country's breast,
 Your people's blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
 And, humbled, in the ashes took his place.
 Silence ensu'd. The eldest first began,
 Echeneüs sage, a venerable man!
 Whose well taught mind the present age surpass'd,
 And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
 Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
 And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

Oh sight (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!
 A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
 To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
 Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around

But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
 And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
 Let first the herald due libation pay
 To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
 Then set the genial banquet in his view,
 And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the list'ning king obeys,
 He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
 And from his seat Laodamas remov'd,
 (The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd).
 There next his side the godlike hero sat;
 With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
 The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
 Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
 A silver laver, of capacious size.
 The table next in regal order spread,
 The glitt'ring canisters are heap'd with bread:
 Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
 Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!
 Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
 And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
 Let all around the due libation pay
 To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way.

He said. Pontonous heard the king's command;
 The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
 Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
 Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began.

Princes and peers, attend! while we impart
 To you the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
 Now pleas'd and satiate, from the social rite
 Repair we to the blessings of the night:

But with the rising day, assembled here,
 Let all the elders of the land appear,
 Pious observe our hospitable laws,
 And heav'n propitiate in the stranger's cause :
 Then join'd in council, proper means explore
 Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore :
 (How distant that, imports not us to know,
 Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the wo),
 Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear ;
 This interval heav'n trusts him to our care.
 But to his native land our charge resign'd,
 Heav'n-is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
 Then must he suffer what the fates ordain ;
 For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
 And twins ev'n from the birth, are misery and man! }

But if descended from th' Olympian bow'r,
 Gracious approach us some immortal pow'r ;
 If in that form thou com'st a guest divine,
 Some high event the conscious gods design.
 As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
 The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest ;
 Then manifest of heav'n the vision stood,
 And to our eyes familiar was the god.
 Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
 And shine before him all the desert way :
 With social intercourse, and face to face,
 The friends and guardians of our pious race.
 So near approach we their celestial kind,
 By justice, truth, and probity of mind ;
 As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth,
 Match in fierce wrong, the giant-sons of earth.

Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin'd
 The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind.
 Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
 No glorious native of yon azure sky:
 In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind?
 How more inferior in the gifts of mind?
 Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
 Whom fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
 By a sad train of miseries alone
 Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
 By heav'n's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
 With heav'n's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
 What histories of toil could I declare?
 But still long-weary'd nature wants repair;
 Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
 My craving bowels still require repast.
 Howe'er the noble, suff'ring mind may grieve
 Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
 Necessity demands our daily bread;
 Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
 But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
 And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
 Pleas'd will I suffer all the gods ordain,
 To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
 That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
 With ever-during shade these happy eyes!
 Th' assembled peers with gen'ral praise approv'd
 His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
 Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
 And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
 Ulysses in the regal walls alone
 Remain'd: Beside him, on a splendid throne
 Divine Arete and Alcinous shone.

3

The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd
 Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
 Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
 Her words addressing to the godlike man.

Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
 From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
 Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
 And robes like these, so recent and so fair?

Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose,
 (Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes),
 The long, the mournful series to relate
 Of all my sorrows, sent by heav'n and fate!
 Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
 Beyond these tracks, and under other skies,
 Ogygia nam'd, in ocean's wat'ry arms:
 Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
 Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
 Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
 Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
 Unblest'd! to tread that interdicted shore:
 When Jove tremendous in the fable deeps
 Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
 Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers lost,
 Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
 Heav'n drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
 Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
 Met by the goddess there with open arms,
 She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
 Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
 Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.
 But all her blandishments successless prove,
 To banish from my breast my country's love.

I stay reluctant sev'n continu'd years,
 And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
 The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,
 Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
 A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;
 Herself supply'd the stores and rich array;
 And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
 In sev'nteen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
 And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
 Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
 For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
 The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
 The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
 And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
 Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
 With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
 To reach this isle: But there my hopes were lost;
 The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
 I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
 A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
 And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
 Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.
 'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
 Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
 All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
 Aurora dawn'd, and Phoebus shin'd in vain:
 Nor till oblique he stop'd his ev'ning ray,
 Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
 Then female voices from the shore I heard:
 A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
 To her I su'd, she pity'd my distress;
 Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope confid'rate care?
 In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
 She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
 My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
 'This is the truth : And oh, ye pow'rs on high!
 Forbid that want should sink me to a lie.

To this the king. Our daughter but express
 Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
 Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
 Why not herself did she conduct the way,
 And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (Ulysses thus reply'd),
 Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride:
 She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
 But fear and rev'rence did my steps detain,
 Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
 Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.

Far from my soul (he cry'd) the gods efface
 All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
 Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
 And would to Phoebus, Pallas, and to Jove,
 Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
 Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
 In such alliance couldst thou wish to join,
 A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
 But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
 Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
 And ships shall wait thee with the morning-ray.
 Till then let slumber close thy careful eyes;
 The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
 And seize the moment when the breezes rise;
 'Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
 Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.

Far as Eubaea tho' thy country lay,
 Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
 Thither of old, earth's * giant son to view,
 On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew :
 This land, from whence their morning-course begun,
 Saw them returning with the setting sun.
 Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
 Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our sail,
 When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
 And ocean whitens in long tracts below.

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
 But thus to heav'n, (and heav'nward lifts his eyes) :
 O Jove ! oh father ! what the king accords
 Do thou make perfect ! sacred be his words !
 Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine !
 Let fame be his, and ah ! my country mine !

Meantime Arete, for the hour of rest
 Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring vest :
 Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
 And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
 With torches blazing in their hands they pass,
 And finish'd all their queen's command with haste :
 Then gave the signal to the willing guest :
 He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
 There, soft extended, to the murm'ring sound
 Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound !
 Within, releas'd from cares, Alcinous lies ;
 And fast beside, were clos'd Arete's eyes.

* Tityus.

T H E
O D Y S S E Y.

B O O K VIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling, discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

0 D Y S S E Y

B O G K - VII

[illegible]

B O O K VIII.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form, a herald of the king she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries.

Nobles and chiefs who rule Phaeacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.

She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:
At once the seats they fill: And ev'ry eye
Gaz'd as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With strength, the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glitt'ring throne Alcinous rose;
Attend, (he cry'd), while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toss'd by rude tempests through a war of waves;

Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
 Or nations subject to the western ray.
 Then grant, what here all sons of wo obtain,
 (For here affliction never pleads in vain) :
 Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
 The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly :
 Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar ;
 Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
 Instant, you sailors, to this task attend ;
 Swift to the palace, all ye peers, ascend ;
 Let none to strangers honours due disclaim :
 Be there Demodocus, the bard of fame,
 Taught by the gods to please, when high he sings
 The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.

Thus spoke the prince : Th' attending peers obey ;
 In state they move ; Alcinous leads the way :
 Swift to Demodocus the herald flies.
 At once the sailors to their charge arise :
 They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
 And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales ;
 Then to the palace move : A gath'ring throng,
 Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along :
 Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd ;
 Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd :
 Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
 To crown the feast ; so wills the bounteous king.
 The herald now arrives, and guides along
 The sacred master of celestial song ;
 Dear to the muse ! who gave his days to flow
 With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty wo :
 With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
 But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.

High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
 Encircled by huge multitudes, he sat :
 With silver shone the throne ; his lyre well strung
 To rapt'rous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung :
 Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
 And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines :
 His food a herald bore. And now they fed ;
 And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then fir'd by all the muse, aloud he sings
 The mighty deeds of demigods and kings :
 From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
 That made Ulysses and Achilles foes :
 How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy ;
 The stern debate Atrides hears with joy :
 For heav'n foretold the contest, when he trod
 The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
 Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
 Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
 To soft affliction all his manly mind :
 Before his eyes the purple veil he drew,
 Industrious to conceal the falling dew :
 But when the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
 The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head ;
 And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
 He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the list'ning train
 Again with loud applause demand the strain :
 Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
 Again unmann'd a show'r of sorrow shed :
 Conceal'd he wept : The king observ'd alone
 The silent tear, and heard the secret groan :

Then to the bard aloud ; O cease to sing,
 Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious string :
 Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the pow'r
 Of heav'nly song has crown'd the genial hour !
 Incessant in the games your strength display ;
 Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day !
 That pleas'd th' admiring stranger may proclaim
 In distant regions the Phaeacian fame.
 None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
 Or swifter in the race devour the way ;
 None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
 Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.

Thus spoke the king ; th' attending peers obey :
 In state they move ; Alcinous leads the way :
 His golden lyre Demodocus, unstrung,
 High on a column in the palace hung ;
 And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
 Majestic to the lists of fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace, a countless throng !
 Youth and hoar age : And man drives man along.
 The games begin : Ambitious of the prize,
 Acronous, Thoon, and Eretmeus rise ;
 The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
 Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame :
 There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
 And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir.
 Euryalus like Mars terrific rose,
 When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes :
 Naubolides with grace unequal'd shone,
 Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
 With these came forth Ambasineus the strong ;
 And three brave sons from great Alcinous sprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
 Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand :
 Swift as on wings of wind upborn they fly,
 And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
 Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
 Between the mule and ox from plough to plough,
 Clytoneus sprung : He wing'd the rapid way,
 And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.
 With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join ;
 The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.
 Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
 Superior in the leap, a length of ground.
 From Elatreus' strong arm the discus flies,
 And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
 And Laodame whirls high, with dreadful sway,
 The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the peerage in the games contends,
 In act to speak, Laodamas ascends :

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd
 To try th' illustrious labours of the field :
 I deem him brave : Then grant the brave man's claim,
 Invite the hero to his share of fame.
 What nervous arms he boasts ! how firm his tread !
 His limbs how turn'd ! how broad his shoulders spread !
 By age unbroke !—but all-consuming care
 Destroys perhaps the strength that time would spare :
 Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms !
 Man must decay, when man contends with storms.

Well hast thou spoke, (Euryalus replies),
 Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.
 Swift at the word, advancing from the croud,
 He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud.

Vouchsafes the rev'rend stranger to display
 His manly worth, and share the glorious day ?
 Father, arise ! for thee thy port proclaims
 Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
 To fame arise ! for what more fame can yield
 Than the swift race, or conflict of the field ?
 Steal from corroding care one transient day,
 To glory give the space thou hast to stay.
 Short is the time ; and lo ! ev'n now the gales
 Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply :
 Ah, why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try ?
 To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free ;
 Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree.
 Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
 A much afflicted, much-enduring man !
 Who suppliant to the king and peers, implores
 A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders, Laodame, thy erring tongue,
 The sports of glory to the brave belong,
 (Retorts Euryalus) : he boasts no claim
 Among the great, unlike the sons of fame.
 A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,
 Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain ;
 Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
 But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies,
 O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise !
 With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense :
 Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense ;
 Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,
 But wisdom the defect of form supplies :

This man with energy of thought controuls,
 And steals with modest violence our souls;
 He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
 Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
 In public more than mortal he appears,
 And as he moves the gazing croud reveres:
 While others beauteous as th' aethereal kind,
 The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
 In outward show heav'n gives thee to excel,
 But heav'n denies the praise of thinking well.
 Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
 And, youth, my gen'rous soul resents the wrong:
 Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
 A post of honour with the sons of fame:
 Such was my boast, while vigour crown'd my days,
 Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
 Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
 In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
 Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
 To prove the hero.—Slander stings the brave.

Then striding forward with a furious bound,
 He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground;
 By far more pond'rous, and more huge by far,
 Than what Phaeacia's sons discharg'd in air.
 Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
 Sonorous through the shaded air it sings;
 Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
 The croud gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
 Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
 Down-rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
 Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud.

Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray,
 May by his touch alone award the day :
 Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
 Of ev'ry champion, by a length of ground :
 Securely bid the strongest of the train
 Arise to throw : The strongest throw in vain.

She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky :
 The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy ;
 Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride).
 Rise, ye Phaeacians, try your force, he cry'd ;
 If with this throw the strongest casters vie,
 Still, further, still I bid the deus fly.
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
 Or you, the swiftest racers of the field !
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace !
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
 In such heroic games I yield to none,
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone :
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend ?
 A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
 Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,
 Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part :
 Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
 Base to his friend, to his own int'rest blind :
 All, all your heroes I this day defy ;
 Give me a man, that we our might may try.
 Expert in ev'ry art, I boast the skill
 To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill ;
 Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
 My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe ;
 Alone superior in the field of Troy,
 Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly ;

From all the sons of earth unrival'd praise
 I justly claim; but yield to better days,
 To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
 And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:
 (Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
 Sudden th' irremediable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the bowyer-god).
 In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
 As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
 Sole in the race the contest I decline,
 Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign
 By storms and hunger worn: Age well may fail,
 When storms and hunger both at once assail.

Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
 Till great Alcinous mildly thus began.

Well hast thou spoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue
 With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
 Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
 Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
 Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
 And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
 In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
 Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
 When bless'd with ease, thy woes and wand'rings end,
 Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend:
 How lov'd of Jove, he crown'd our sires with praise;
 How we their offspring dignify our race.

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
 Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;
 We in the course unrival'd speed display,
 Or through caerulean billows plough the way;

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
 The feast or bath by day, and love by night :
 Rise then, ye skill'd in measures ; let him bear
 Your fame to men that breathe a distant air ;
 And faithful say, to you the pow'rs belong
 To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song.

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
 And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
 The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
 Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
 The future games, the judges of the day :
 With instant care they mark a spacious round,
 And level for the dance th' allotted ground ;
 The herald bears the lyre : Intent to play,
 The bard advancing meditates the lay.
 Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
 Graceful before the heav'nly minstrel stand ;
 Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
 Their feet, half-viewless, quiver in the skies :
 Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
 The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
 Meantime the bard, alternate to the strings,
 The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings ;
 How the stern god, enamour'd with her charms,
 Clasp'd the gay panting goddess in his arms,
 By bribes seduc'd : And how the Sun, whose eye
 Views the broad heav'ns, disclos'd the lawless joy.
 Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
 To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies ;
 Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
 Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.

A wondrous net he labours, to betray
 The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
 Indissolubly strong ! then instant bears
 To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
 Above, below, around, with art disspread,
 The sure inclosure folds the genial bed ;
 Whose texture ev'n the search of gods deceives,
 Thin as the filmy threads the spreader weaves.
 Then, as withdrawing from the starry bow'rs,
 He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
 His fav'rite isle ! Observant Mars descends
 His wish'd recess, and to the goddess flies ;
 He glows, he burns : The fair-hair'd queen of love
 Descends smooth-gliding from the courts of Jove,
 Gay blooming in full charms : Her hand he press'd
 With eager joy, and with a sigh address'd.

Come, my belov'd ! and taste the soft delights :
 Come, to repose the genial bed invites :
 Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
 Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms !

Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
 And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
 Down rush'd the toils, enwrapping as they lay
 The careless lovers in their wanton play :
 In vain they strive, th' intangling snares deny
 (Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly :
 Warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day,
 Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way :
 Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns ;
 Full horrible he roars ; his voice all heav'n returns.

O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye pow'rs above,
 See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love !

Me, aukward me, she scorns, and yields her charms
 To that fair lecher, the strong god of arms.
 If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
 By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
 Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
 O sight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
 But yet, I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
 His fair one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
 But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
 Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dow'r.
 Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
 Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.

Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
 Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,
 With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
 But modestly with-held the goddess-train.
 All heav'n beholds, imprison'd as they lie,
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold, on wrong
 Swift vengeance waits, and art subdues the strong!
 Dwells there a god on all th' Olympian brow
 More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
 Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms
 Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Thus, serious, they: But he who gilds the skies,
 The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
 Wouldst thou enchain'd, like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
 And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?

O envy'd shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd);
 Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
 Gaze all ye gods, and ev'ry goddess gaze,
 Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.

Loud laugh the rest, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
 Yet sues importunate to loose the god :
 And free, (he cries), oh Vulcan ! free from shame
 Thy captives ; I ensure the penal claim.

Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust ?
 He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust :
 But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky
 To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly ;
 Say, wilt thou bear the mulct ? He instant cries,
 The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.

To whom appeas'd : No more I urge delay ;
 When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.

Then to the snares his force the god applies ;
 They burst ; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies :
 To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
 To visit Paphos, and her blooming groves,
 Where to the pow'r an hundred altars rise,
 And breathing odours scent the balmy skies ;
 Conceal'd, she bathes in consecrated bow'rs,
 The graces unguents shed, ambrosial show'rs,
 Unguents that charm the gods ! she last assumes
 Her wondrous robes ; and full the goddess blooms.

Thus sung the bard : Ulysses hears with joy,
 And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands ;
 Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
 In dance unmatch'd ! A wondrous ball is brought,
 (The work of Polybus, divinely wrought).
 This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
 And, bending backward, whirls it to the sky ;
 His brother, springing with an active bound,
 At distance intercepts it from the ground :

The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
 Turn and re-turn, and scarce imprint the sand.
 Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
 And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses : Happy king, whose name
 The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame :
 In subjects happy ! with surprise I gaze ;
 Thy praise was just ; their skill transcends thy praise.

Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
 And thus benevolent accosts the peers.
 Since wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
 Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues :
 Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,
 O'er whom supreme, imperial pow'r I bear :
 Bring gold, a pledge of love ; a talent bring,
 A vest, a robe ; and imitate your king :
 Be swift to give ; that he this night may share
 The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
 And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong :
 A gen'rous heart repairs a scandalous tongue.

Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
 In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
 Then thus, Euryalus : O prince, whose sway
 Rules this bless'd realm, repentant I obey !
 Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
 A ruddy gem ; whose hilt, a silver blaze ;
 Whose iv'ry sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
 Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd ;
 And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
 Far from thy mind, those words, ye whirlwinds bear,
 And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air.

Crown, oh ye heav'n's, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!

And blest'd be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries,
Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring skies;
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,
And never, never mayst thou want this sword.

He said, and o'er his shoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth ascends the evening-shade:
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold:
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sat.

Thence to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare;
That, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourself we give, memorial of our name;
To raise in off'rings to Almighty Jove,
And ev'ry god that treads the courts above.

Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring:
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace;
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: In order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:

And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
 A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
 Thus spoke to Ithacus : To guard with bands
 Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands :
 Lest, in thy slumbers on the wat'ry main,
 The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
 A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
 Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
 Around the bath : The bath the king ascends :
 (Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour
 He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bow'r),
 Where, happy as the gods that range the sky,
 He feasted ev'ry sense with ev'ry joy.
 He bathes : The damsels, with officious toil,
 Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a show'r of oil :
 Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
 And to the feast magnificently treads.
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
 Nausicaa blooming as a goddess stands,
 With wond'ring eyes the hero she survey'd,
 And graceful thus began the royal maid.

Hail, godlike stranger ! and when heav'n restores
 To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
 This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
 To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air.

O royal maid ! Ulysses straight returns,
 Whose worth the splendours of thy race adorns,
 So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance forms
 The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms)
 Restore me safe, thro' weary wand'rings tost,
 To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,

As while the spirit in this bosom glows,
 To thee, my goddess, I address my vows.
 My life, thy gift, I boast! He said, and sat,
 Fast by Alcinous, on a throne of state.
 Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
 Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
 The bard an herald guides: The gazing throng
 Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
 Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
 The peers encircling, form an awful round.
 Then from the chine Ulysses carves with art
 Delicious food, an honorary part:
 This let the master of the lyre receive,
 A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
 Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
 Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
 The muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
 The muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
 The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
 Not fond of flatt'ry, nor unpleas'd with praise.
 When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
 Thus to the lyrist wife Ulysses said.
 O more than man! thy soul the muse inspires,
 Or Phoebus animates with all his fires:
 For who by Phoebus uninform'd, could know
 The wo of Greece, and sing so well the wo?
 Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
 Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
 The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
 And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
 Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
 Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:

How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
 With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
 If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
 The god himself inspires thy breast with flame :
 And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise,
 In ev'ry land, thy monument of praise.

Full of the god, he rais'd his lofty strain,
 How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main :
 How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
 While from the shores the winged navy flies :
 How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
 Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands :
 All Troy up-heav'd the steed ; of diff'ring mind,
 Various the Trojans counsell'd ; part consign'd
 The monster to the sword ; part sentence gave
 To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave ;
 Th' unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
 An off'ring sacred to th' immortal pow'rs :
 Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
 And by the gods decree proud Ilion falls ;
 Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
 And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,
 How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed :
 How to thy dome, Deiphobus ! ascends
 The Spartan king ; how Ithacus attends,
 (Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
 He fights, subdues : For Pallas strings his arms.

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew ;
 Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew :
 As some fond matron views in mortal fight
 Her husband falling in his country's right :

Frantic thro' clashing swords she runs, she flies,
 As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies :
 Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
 And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound ;
 She cries, she shrieks ; the fierce insulting foe
 Relentless mocks her violence of wo,
 To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deploras ;
 A widow, and a slave on foreign shores !

So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
 Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs :
 Conceal'd he griev'd : The king observ'd alone
 The silent tear, and heard the secret groan :
 Then to the bard aloud : O cease to sing,
 Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string :
 To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,
 And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe ;
 Thy lay too deeply moves : Then cease thy lay,
 And o'er the banquet ev'ry heart be gay :
 This social right demands : For him the sails,
 Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales :
 His are the gifts of love : The wife and good
 Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
 Artful concealment ill becomes the brave :
 Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
 Impos'd by parents in the natal hour ?
 (For from the natal hour distinctive names,
 One common right, the great and lowly claims) :
 Say from what city, from what regions tost,
 And what inhabitants those regions boast ?
 So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
 In wondrous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind ;

No helm secures their course, no pilot guides;
 Like man intelligent, they plough the tides,
 Conscious of ev'ry coast, and ev'ry bay,
 That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;
 Tho' clouds and darkness veil th' encumber'd sky,
 Fearless thro' darkness and thro' clouds they fly:
 Tho' tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main,
 The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
 Ev'n the stern god that o'er the waves presides,
 Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
 With fury burns; while careless they convey
 Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay.
 These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
 A dreadful story, big with future woes,
 How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
 Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
 A monument of wrath: How mound on mound
 Should bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.
 But this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,
 As suits the purpose of th' eternal will.
 But say thro' what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
 What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd?
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
 Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
 Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
 Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
 Just are the ways of heav'n: From heav'n proceed
 The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
 A theme of future song! Say then if slain
 Some dear-lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
 Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
 And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

